

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 154.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR
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A PRIZE of £200 in money will be offered at the SECOND ANNUAL SHOW OF ENTIRE THOROUGHBRED HORSES, to be held at Guisbro', on Tuesday, the 6th February next.
Entries close Tuesday, January 30, 1877.
For conditions and forms of entry apply to
T. GIBBORNE FAWCETT, Secretary,
Stockton-on-Tees.

MISS HEATH'S PROVINCIAL TOUR,
Accompanied by Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY, suspended during Miss Heath's Engagement at the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON.
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All letters to be addressed to Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Princess's Theatre, London.
Agent, Mr. LEE ANDERSON. Acting Manager, Mr. MORRIS ARONS.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, the Sultan of Turkey, Earl of Derby. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities, and the late Cardinal Antonelli. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

LAST EXTRA MORNING REPRESENTATION NEXT TUESDAY, at 3.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT. MATCHED AND MATED. By F.C. Burnand, Music by German Reed. After which, Mr. Corney Grain's TABLE D'HOTE, and OUR DOLL'S HOUSE. A Fairy Vision in One Peep, by W. Wye; Music by Cotsford Dick. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; next Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee. On Wednesday next, SPRING'S DELIGHTS, a new sketch by Mr. Corney Grain.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LAMHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY (the Largest in London), New Bond-street, will open in APRIL NEXT, for the Exhibition of PICTURES by Eminent Artists. Admission, One Shilling.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—THIS EVENING, The Grand Pantomime ROBINSON CRUSOE, with Magnificent Scenery and Transformation by Mr. W. Telbin. The most Powerful Company ever collected. Children and Schools Half-price to DAY PERFORMANCES, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS at 2, on payment at the doors. Box Office open Daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Every Evening, THE FORTY THIEVES. The Vokes Family. Première Danseuse, Mdlle. Bossi; Double Harlequinade; Clowns, C. Lauri and E. Evans; Harlequina à la Watteau, Miss Amy Rosalind. Preceded by HIDE AND SEEK. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Doors open at 1.30; commence at 2. Children and Schools admitted at half-price to all parts of the theatre, upper gallery excepted.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills; Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 7, GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME. At 8, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Emery, W. Terriss, Brittain Wright, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, and Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, E. Phillips, &c. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, Every Morning until further notice.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.
This Evening (Saturday), and Every Evening, till further notice, at 7.30, C. M. Rae's Comedy, FOLLOW THE LEADER. Constance, Miss Lafontaine. After which at 8.30, will be revived Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Mythological Comedy PYGMALION AND GALATEA. Cynisca (first time), Miss Henrietta Hodson; Galatea (first time), Miss Marion Terry; Myrene (first time), Miss Maria Harris; Daphne (her original character), Miss Chippendale; Pygmalion (first time), Mr. C. Harcourt; Chryso (his original character), Mr. Buckstone; and Leucippe (his original character), Mr. Howe. Concluding with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, FAZIO, Dean Milman's poetic play. Miss Bateman as Bianca. Messrs. Brooke, Meade, Beaumont, Miss Fauncefort, &c. Preceded at 7.15, by MATRIMONY. Miss Virginia Francis and Mr. Brooke. Concluding with Hermann Merivale's comedy, A HUSBAND IN CLOVER. Saturday, January 27, MORNING PERFORMANCE OF FAZIO. Saturday Evening, January 27, there will be NO PERFORMANCE. Monday, January 29, Shakespeare's RICHARD III.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—TOOLE in 3 Pieces, 8. THE WEAVERS. 8.45. ROBERT MACAIRE. 9.45. Burlesque WILLIAM TELL. Open 7. Farce 7.10. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Afternoon Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, (see Daily Papers).

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—THE DANISCHEFFS. Unanimously pronounced by the Press and Public the great Success of the Season, and owing to the enthusiastic applause nightly bestowed upon the general acting of THE DANISCHEFFS, it will be repeated every evening until further notice. On Monday, and during the week, at 8.15, will be presented in Four Acts, THE DANISCHEFFS—Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Warner, Mr. C. Cooper, Mr. W. H. Macklin, Mr. Sandford, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Barry, Mr. Winstanley, &c.; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Edith Challis, Miss Lavis, Miss Wilmore, and Mrs. John Wood. Preceded by, at 7.30, a Laughable Farce.—Box office open from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.

FOLLY THEATRE.—ROBINSON CRUSOE.
MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and her unapproachable Company. On Monday, and every Evening, at 7.30, the Comedy, in Two Acts, of CHECK-MATE. At 8.40, the Celebrated Burlesque of ROBINSON CRUSOE, supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Willie Edouin, and the Entire Company. Extra Morning Performance of ROBINSON CRUSOE, Saturday next, Jan. 27th. Doors open at 2, commence at 2.30. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
LAST NIGHTS OF HOT WATER.
Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and a Most Powerful Company. Every Evening, at 7.30, DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM, by J. Mortimer. At 8.45, HOT WATER. Charles Wyndham, J. Clarke, E. Righton, H. Standing, H. Ashley, Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Eastlake, Bruce, Davis, Holme, and Fanny Josephs.—Seats can be secured two weeks in advance. ON BALL, a comedy in three acts, by W. S. Gilbert, will be produced on Saturday, 3rd February.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, MR. EDGAR BRUCE.
Unanimous and unqualified Praise of the entire London Press on the Revival of Mr. J. R. Planche's Fairy Extravaganza, THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.
MISS JENNIE LEE, as PRINCE LEANDER.
Boucicault's Drama, HUNTED DOWN, at 7. INVISIBLE PRINCE, at 9. Miss Jennie Lee, Mesdames Louise Wiles, Rachel Sanger, Beverley, Vining, Howard, Steele and D. Drummond. Messrs. George Barrett, Beveridge, Edwards, and Edgar Bruce. Book your seats early for the Christmas Holidays. Box-office open from 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.—Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Eraser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. John Hay. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, MORNING PERFORMANCE.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. John S. Clarke, every Evening. On Saturday, and until further notice, commence at 7, with KEEP YOUR TEMPER. Followed by AMONG THE BREAKERS. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Messrs. Graham, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Venne, Brunell, &c. After which, TOODLES. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Miss Turner. Conclude with THE LYING DUTCHMAN. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Taylor; Mesdames Venne, Williams, &c.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestock, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.—QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT. Re-appearance in London of MISS ADA CAVENDISH in a New and Picturesque Comedy Drama called "THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT." Mr. Henry Neville as George Darlington. Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. Flockton. Miss Dubois and Miss Gerard. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at 7, by CRAZED.

PARK THEATRE, Camden Town.—Sole Manager, Mr. R. W. South.—EVERY EVENING (the greatest company in London), LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. Miss Alice May as Lange. THE GRAND PANTOMIME. The Paynes and Caroline Parkes.

BIORN, GRAND OPERA.—Costumes and Scenic Effects by Alfred Thompson. New Scenery by Gordon and Harford. Incidental Dances by Mr. W. Waite. The Orchestra and Chorus selected from Her Majesty's and Royal Italian Operas. Doors open at 7.30. Opera commences at 8. Seats can be secured at all the Libraries.—QUEEN'S THEATRE.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Every Evening, BIORN. Miss Cora Stuart, Mdlle. C. Corandi, C. Riccobono, Miss Clare, Miss Warwick, Mrs. Grosvenor, and Mrs. Fitzimmar Marshall. Messrs. Dymott, G. Coventry, C. Howard, D. Stone, and Signor Mottino.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every Evening, at Eight, BROEKMAN'S CIRCUS and Great MONKEY PERFORMANCE, from the Alexandra Palace. The performance takes place on the stage. Doors open at 6.30; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children Half-price to all parts except Gallery. MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate. The New and Magnificent Pantomime of OPEN SESAME; or, HARLEQUIN THE FORTY ROBBERS OF THE MAGIC CAVE. New Grand Pantomime Every Evening at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30, to which Children under 10 half-price. Box-office open 11 till 4. No Charge for Booking.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, Westminster Bridge Road. TWO PERFORMANCES OF THE PANTOMIME DAILY, at 2 and 7 o'clock respectively.

GENUINE SUCCESS of the Grand Comic Pantomime. Scene Four is entitled "The Palace of the Queen of Nations." THE GRAND CONFERENCE, in which Representatives of all Her Majesty's Dominions will present themselves, together with "Horses and Animals from all explored parts of the World." The Messrs. Sanger consider themselves fully justified in challenging the entire profession to produce the novelty and magnificence displayed in this "Great Scene."—Prices: Private Boxes, from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Balcony Dress Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Box-office now open, from 10 till 4, under the direction of Mr. C. E. Stuart, to whom all cheques and money orders should be made payable.

SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE, DAILY, at Two o'clock.—The Great Equestrian Company and the BEST PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED. Prices as above. Secretary, Mr. Sidney Cooper. Stage Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand. Free List entirely suspended.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.—Dancing in the New Hall.

NOTICE.—A MORNING PERFORMANCE OF THE PANTOMIME will take place every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 1.30 o'clock. Every evening, at 7 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry, entitled GRIMM GOBLIN; or, HARLEQUIN OCTOPUS, the DEVIL FISH and the FAIRIES OF THE FLOWERY DELL. Supported by Mr. Geo. Conquest, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Geo. Conquest, jun., Henry Nicholls, Vincent; Mdlles. Du Maurier, Victor, Denvil, Inch, Sisters Claremont, &c. A Wondrous Fight Scene, by Mr. George Conquest and Son, introducing new Jumps, Leaps, Dives, &c. To be followed by the Harlequinade. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, the GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, called TURLU LUTU; or, THE THREE ENCHANTED HATS. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall, Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Fox, Drayton, Reeve, Rhoys, Pitt, Hyde. Mdlles. Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Mdlles. Fanny and Rosina Lupino. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with CHLORIS. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Jackson, Parry. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford Circus.—Easily accessible from all parts of London by Metropolitan Railway and omnibuses. All entrances are most commodious. Visitors having to ascend only four steps to any part of the building, thus making it most convenient for ladies and children. Every day at 2.30, and every evening at 7.30, the beautiful and highly trained stud of performing horses and ponies. Startling and extraordinary feats of equestrianism and gymnasia. "Little Sandy" the drollest of the droll, and Le Quips the grotesque at every performance. The popular and magnificent juvenile spectacle, CINDERELLA, pronounced by all to be the most charming scene ever presented.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus. The most delightful entertainment in London. Extraordinary achievements by the renowned troupe of artistes. The entrancing spectacle of CINDERELLA, performed by 60 juveniles, every Day and every Evening at 2.30 and 7.30. Prices 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Private boxes, containing six chairs, £1 10s. Children, under 10, half-price. Box-office open daily from 10 till 4. In consequence of the great demand, Mr. Hengler respectfully urges the advisability of intending visitors booking seats in advance. Box-office orders and cheques to be made payable to Mr. Charles Hengler.

PRINCE'S—MANCHESTER.
Every Evening, at Seven, a Grand Oriental Fairy Pantomime and Spectacle, entitled
S I N D B A D.

Arranged and produced under the personal direction of
H. B. FARNIE.
The Costumes specially designed for this production by the most eminent Parisian Artistes—the grotesque dresses by DRANER, the celebrated caricaturist; the grand ballets and fanciful costumes by MARRE, designer to the Grand Opera of Paris. The execution of the costumes has been entrusted to the great French house of DELPHINE BARON ET CIE. (costumiers to the Opéra Comique, Porte St. Martin, &c.), to AUGUSTE & CO., and Miss FISHER, of London. The Armour, Jewels, &c., by GRANGER, of Paris, and KENNEDY, of Birmingham. The new and elaborate Scenery by Mr. F. HAWLEY. The Dissolving and Chromatic light effects by the eminent Manchester optician Mr. J. B. DANCER; the slides from the studio of the celebrated artist, Chevalier LAFOSSE. The vocal and instrumental music, selected from the most recent works of Offenbach, Hervé, Lecocq, Strauss, O. Barri, Debillemont, as well as the current English repertoire, by Mr. F. STANISLAUS.
Characters by Mesdames Fanchita, Alice Cook, Marie Williams, M. Lucette, Julia Bullen, E. Toms, Nellie Kennedy, Kathleen Corri, &c., Messrs. J. Rouse, A. Brenner, G. Shelton, J. Canfield, H. Booker, W. Langley, J. W. Lawrence, George Lewis, J. H. Ryley, &c.
Première Danseuse:
Mdlle. MARIE VALAIN
(Of the Grand Operas of Vienna and Berlin), and
Mdlle. PIA SCOTII
(Of the Grand Operas of Milan, Brussels, &c.).
Grotesque Cotillon by
THE BOUNDERS OF THE BOSPHORUS.
Clown Mr. GEORGE (Jolly Little) LEWIS.
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MAJOR BURK, THE CHAMPION AMERICAN DRILLIST.
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RUSSIAN SKATERS,
Messrs. FRENCH and HARRIS, and Mdlle. ROSE.
Circle and Stalls, 5s. Box-office open from 11 to 3.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Theatre Royal Company, Manchester, Limited.
Manager, Mr. SIDNEY.

ROBINSON CRUSOE,
The GRANDEST SPECTACLE and
MOST AMUSING PANTOMIME EVER WITNESSED.
Vide the opinion of the whole Press of Manchester.
entitled
THE ADVENTURES OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE and HIS MAN FRIDAY;
OR, WICKED KING CRAB and the GOOD FAIRY CORAL FROM UNDER THE SEA.
Written by F. C. BURNAND, Esq.
The Plot arranged by and the whole produced under the personal direction of Mr. SIDNEY.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THAT a dilute solution of prussic acid (strength about one part per 10,000 parts of water) loses seven-eighths of the prussic acid in the space of a few hours, was propounded the other day by a public analyst in the Central Criminal Court. On the strength of this remarkable theory, the analyst affirmed that a given liquid contained a poisonous dose of prussic acid, and, on the strength of that affirmation, Thomas William Christian was convicted by the jury.

It is mournfully satisfactory to know that the end of poor Amy Fawsitt was not quite the miserable termination of a broken life which was described by the mechanical sensation-purveyor of the *New York Herald*. She did not, if we are to credit the *New York Times*, "breathe her last without a friend to comfort her in her dying hours, or to close her eyes in death." The latter journal, one is pleased to see, "is authorised to contradict the statement that during her illness Miss Fawsitt suffered from the effects of poverty. Mr. Montague spared no expense in providing for her every wish, and her closing days were not embittered by want, or any sense of indifference among her old friends." How are the industrious agonisers of the *New York Herald* paid? So much per line or so much per lie? Or is an appraiser of pangs regularly retained on the premises? It is either true or false that Miss Amy Fawsitt, ill and starving, or ill from sheer lack of food (for the *Herald's* narrative is so artfully worded that it will bear either interpretation), was abandoned by her friends and left to die. If the narrator has drawn upon his imagination for his facts, we despair of suggesting any mode of punishment adequate enough to meet such an offence against decency and right feeling.

"AN extraordinary occurrence has taken place at Crowle, Lincolnshire. Wm. Liggott, a pork-butcher, sold his wife for £40 to Chapman Pidd, landlord of the Fishmongers' Arms. The articles of sale were drawn up at a solicitor's office, the money paid, and the wife handed over. Both parties appeared satisfied with their bargain. Pidd has been a widower only a few months." "The articles of sale were drawn up at a solicitor's office," were they? By a solicitor? We fancy that a large number of the members of his honourable profession, to say nothing of the rather exacting society which qualified him for the pursuit of his calling, would be glad to know the name of that solicitor.

RECENTLY, in reference to the completion of an important statue by the late Mr. Foley, R.A., one of our contemporaries (we think it was the *Daily News*) mentioned the name of Mr. Thomas Brock, A.R.A. May we inquire when it was that Mr. Brock's name was added to the lists of Associates of the Royal Academy?

It should be encouraging to total abstainers to learn, as we do learn, from the report of a meeting of the True Standard of Freedom Lodge of Good Templars, that "Sister Boniface recited the humorous and interesting pieces, 'The Sale of Bachelors' and 'Cousin Peter,' with great propriety of voice and action."

JAMES DICKSON, describing himself as a commercial traveller, and giving his address as Worcester-street, Birmingham, is charged with stealing from the pocket of a Mrs. Millison a purse containing 13s., on the Underground Railway, between Gower-street and King's-cross. It is the simplest of cases. Mrs. Millison misses her purse and charges Dickson with the theft in these words, "I have missed my purse from my right-hand pocket, and no one has been near me but you." There being no confirmatory evidence whatever forthcoming, and the testimony borne to the habitual honesty of the accused being of the most indisputable character, he is discharged, but—and here is the point—not without words of unusual weight from Mr. Cooke, the magistrate. That gentleman observed, "He was asked to say that the prisoner left the dock without a stain on his character, but that he declined to do, saying that it was not his practice so to do." Against Mr. Cooke's customary method of conducting the business of the Clerkenwell Police Court we have nothing whatever to urge, but it does seem to us that the unqualified statement of the learned magistrate that "it was not his practice to say the prisoner left the dock without a stain on his character," left the person against whom the unsustained charge had been brought in a rather worse position, morally speaking, than if Mr. Cooke had said nothing at all.

Two doctors, one male and the other female, are respectively the hero and heroine of a short story in a recent number of the *Family Herald*. The male (one of whose numerous villa-residences the female occupies), after hurrying his gentle but persistent heroine almost out of existence, relents, sees her home, kicks out the bailiffs who have been placed "in possession" by his own agent, attends her through a perilous illness, and ultimately makes her his wife. Very natural all this, isn't it? The story is interesting—it is so new, and so is the dialogue. Well, here is a specimen of the talk which takes place by the bedside of Lady Ravenne, to whom both doctors have been summoned, one by his lordship and the other by the sufferer herself:—

"I beg your pardon," said Northcote [the male] decidedly, speaking however in so low a tone that the patient did not hear him; "I will take my leave, wishing restored health to her ladyship. I beg to decline the honour of any consultation with Doctor Laud."

The proud blood flew to Kissie's [the female—her proper name is Keziah] indignant face, but she bent over Lady Ravenne, speaking soothingly and encouragingly to her.

"We shall have you as active as ever in three or four weeks, dear Lady Ravenne. I warned you not to worry your mind so much about your little girl's blindness—you must take my advice to heart when you are well again. Ford," said she to the maid, "I will send in a regular trained nurse to-day, who will apply a blister for twelve hours to the back of the neck; meanwhile use poultices, equal parts of flour and mustard, to that part and the calves, bathe the head with eau-de-Cologne, give no meat, but milk, beef-tea, whiskey, and the camphor mixture my boy shall bring. Never leave her ladyship alone," she added, in a low voice; "quiet and cheerfulness will work wonders."

Seriously, however, the story, like most of those which appear in the pages of our entertaining contemporary, is cleverly and brightly written.

Biorn is not the greatest success of the season. We should fear for the future of English Opera if it were.

Is it not rather hard on artists as capable as Mr. H. Forrester that the fact of their being occasionally substituted for artists like Mr. Hermann Vezin is generally overlooked by the press? As a matter of fact, Mr. Forrester has played *Dan'l Druce* at the Haymarket in place of the great Vezin; equally as a matter of fact, Mr. Forrester's up-hill effort has been unrecognised. Would the admirers of Mr. Gilbert's play be surprised to know that Mr. Forrester's impersonation of the leading character is superior to Mr. Vezin's?

MR. JOHN FRAIL.

HABITUÉS of race meetings during the past forty years must have been made acquainted, in one way or the other, with Mr. John Frail. We are not sure as to whether he is the oldest clerk of the course in harness, but he is undeniably the most remarkable. If we were a political journal, which happily we are not, it would be the duty of the present writer to draw attention to the fact that Mr. Frail deserves well of the present Government. He is a Conservative whom Lord Beaconsfield ought to reward with a baronetcy at the very least, in consideration of the great services which he has rendered to the cause. Elsewhere than in Shrewsbury the fact of Mr. Frail's upright and downright adhesion to the—well, Tories, is not unknown, and it is pleasant to relate, not unappreciated. But we have to deal with him in another capacity, and in doing so we shall appeal simply to the testimony of facts. Huntingdon is now also under his management, with every prospect of success and improvement. Mr. John Frail was born on the 1st of May, 1804, at Shrewsbury, where he still retains a residence. We may add that he has been joined during the last few years by his two sons, who take a more active share in the superintendence of the meeting, which is under their joint management. If we wished to spin out these remarks it would only be necessary to speak at proper length of Mr. Frail's love for, and recollections of, the drama, but we must refrain. In bidding him a genial adieu, we must express a hope that he will live long enough to write such an autobiography as every one who has had the great pleasure of his acquaintance would desire to read. Mr. Frail is not only an individual—he is an institution. In the language of Artemus Ward—"Long may he wave!"

It is more than forty years since Mr. John Frail was appointed clerk of the course for Shrewsbury. In his first year there were nine horses present to compete for the three days' races. At the last meeting in November there were nearly 200 horses in the old town! Shrewsbury, it may be said, has many drawbacks as a racing locale, and it has required no little ability and energy to raise it up from the low level to which it had sunk to its present standard of success. In 1866 Mr. Frail inaugurated the first Windsor Meeting, under very favourable circumstances, and it has, to use a familiar phrase, "never looked back" since, being now one of the most popular and best patronised of the "home" meetings. Northampton was two years ago added to Mr. Frail's fixtures, and it almost at once re-occupied its old place as a first class spring meeting.

MISS KATE PHILLIPS.

THE young lady whose portrait as Boy in *Henry V.* appears on our front page, made her first appearance at the Lyceum Theatre when *Chilperic* was produced there, under Mr. Mansell's management, in the January of 1870. After some unimportant engagements at Liverpool, Sheffield, and elsewhere, Miss Phillips returned to London, and appeared with success as Jessie in *Kind to a Fault*, at the Royalty Theatre, where she also played, with favourable results, other parts. In 1873 she was at the Holborn Theatre, under the management of Mr. Nation, and made a genuine hit as Sam Willoughby in the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*. In the same year she became the wife of the popular young actor, Mr. H. B. Conway, and was afterwards playing at the Court Theatre, under Miss Litton, and there made one of her most prominent successes as Gerda in Merivale's *White Pilgrim*, as the Milliner in *The Wedding March*, and as Cupid in *Calypto*. Miss Phillips next joined the company at the Strand Theatre, where she made her appearance as Phoebe in *Paul Pry*, and won "golden opinions." She played during a short season at the Mirror, and as Boy in *Henry V.*, at the Queen's Theatre, displayed an amount of histrionic power for which few had previously given her credit. Our play-going readers will have a very vivid remembrance of her first appearance in the *Man in Possession*, in which she played a small, but by no means unimportant part, and wore one of those quaint, roomy, and once fashionable beaver bonnets which in itself could have insured success. We this morning heard a lady humorously describe that bonnet as something "far too lovely for earth."

THE PANTOMIMES AT MANCHESTER.

Mr. Sidney's admirably mounted new pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, has achieved no small degree of success, and continues to attract crowded audiences. The ballet costumes are very varied and fanciful, as will be seen by our artists sketches. At the Prince's Theatre a like success has been achieved, and the most extraordinary spectacular effects have been introduced with a disregard of cost almost reckless. More money is said to have been spent upon the production of this pantomime than has been expended upon any in London. One of the most striking scenes is that which our artist has selected for his sketch.

THE Gloucestershire County Club having courteously granted the use of their rooms for the Polo and Hunt Ball at Cheltenham, fixed for the 31st inst., the International Polo Club, in consequence issued a larger number of vouchers than was originally intended, as in the Assembly Rooms, with those above referred to, they obtain ample accommodation for the company, which is expected to be very numerous.

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAG-HOUNDS.

MR. GOULD, from whose clever sketches Mr. Moore has made the almost literal transcript to which we have given the title "Stag Hunting in Devonshire" writes as follows:—"In hunting circles the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds are too well known to need any detailed account of the chase of the Wild Red Deer on Exmoor, and even amongst those of our readers who are not practical or even amateur sportsmen, the name of 'Exmoor' is familiar as the scene of that delightful novel by Mr. R. D. Blackmore 'Lorna Doone.' If a man, sportsman or not, wants a thorough and healthy change from the cares and anxieties of city life, he cannot do better than pack up his portmanteau one morning in August or September, and get away by the Great Western line to Taunton, and thence to Minehead, where he will have to finish his journey to Porlock by the daily conveyance. Arrived there, let him put up at the Ship Inn, and trust his comfort to the hospitable hostess and her charming daughters. He will not regret it, provided he can walk and is not a misanthrope, he may spend a most enjoyable fortnight or three weeks in the midst of beautiful and varied scenery, rolling moors, woods, and streams; or he may get to Porlock *via* Lynton, posting from the latter place, and he will be amply rewarded by the romantic beauty of the route. The Devon and Somerset stag-hounds meet twice a week during the season, and generally three times a week for hind-hunting in October.

The meets are often close by Porlock, at Cloutsham, Hawkcombe Head, or Culbone Woods, and on one of these days, it is well worth one's while to follow, and see some of the sport, a pleasure which is enhanced by the knowledge that the animal to be hunted is not a catted deer, but a genuine wild red deer, and that, consequently, the game is a fair trial of strength and cunning on either side.

The sketches on another page show a few of the incidents of such a day. First, the ride or walk over the moors, in the cold, clear morning; then, the pleasant half-hour at the appointed spot, which can be well spent in looking at the gallant horsemen and the fair queens of the hunt, of whom there are not a few, and last, but not least, the grand pack of hounds, under the command of Arthur, the popular huntsman, who knows more about the red deer and the hounds, than they do themselves.

Then the portly form of the master, M. F. Bissett, Esq., appears, mounted on a good weight carrier, and lightly he rides too, for all his twenty stone. The gentleman depicted in the sketch in conversation with the master is an artist, well known in the country, and who has given us stag hunting subjects more than once on the walls of Burlington House.

Then the waiting for the tufters to find is rarely tedious, for the view, like the one in the sketch, where the tufters are drawing Culbone Woods, with the field waiting on the moor and in the plantations above, looking away over the Severn Sea across to the blue distance of Wales, with the white sails dotted here and there like sea-gulls, is one to drink in—and think of in after years. The excitement of the Tally ho! as the stag goes away and heads for the moor, the laying on of the pack, the chase and the death, perhaps in the Doone Valley itself, cannot be better understood than by reading Whyte-Melville's *Katerfelto*, in which there is a marvellously graphic description of a run in the olden time.

Go there during one of the months which enjoy the privilege of the letter "r" in their spelling, and do not forget to ask for oysters. There is a small oyster fishery carried on at the weir, about a mile from the village, and you can get very respectable little natives at 5s. a hundred. Verbum sap. sat.

"WHAT IS IT?"

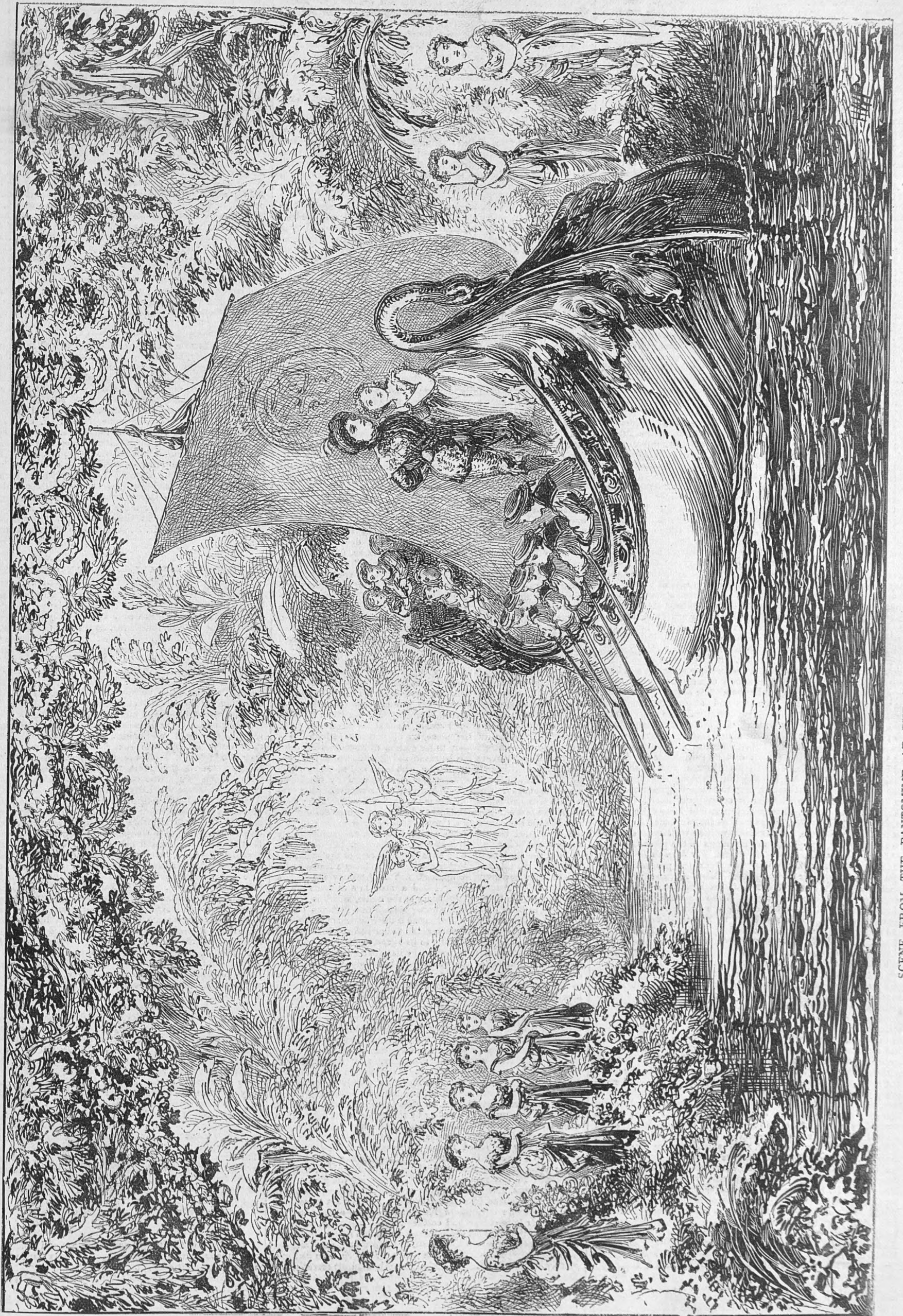
OUR artist's sketch chronicles the chief incident of a story he recently met with in a foreign paper, which reminds one of tales of Cockney sporting eccentricities. The names were suppressed, but the facts were vouched for, and are sufficiently amusing to bear reproduction. The story opens by asserting that if there was one thing more than another in which Judge B— delighted, it was a day's shooting. One bright, cold morning, and when there was a good layer of soft snow on the ground, he called on his friend Mr. C—, and suggested a day's outing. Mr. C—, glad of any excuse to absent himself from the company of his loving wife, eagerly seized the opportunity, and having adjourned to his friend's house, a goodly hunt breakfast was partaken of, whilst Judge B— attired himself in full hunt costume, as appears in our engraving. Away they went, and bravely made for the adjoining copse, which they had no sooner reached than, as good luck would have it, they had found the track of a hare, quite fresh, and Judge B— remarking that the game was as good as in their pocket, invited his friend to dinner for the following Sunday. Carlo, the dog, was called, and put on the scent, but somehow would not take to it, although his nose prior to starting had been well rubbed with salt. "Ah," remarked Judge B—, "suppose dogs have also their lazy days as well as other animals, but never mind, come along, we can follow the track ourselves. Keep yourself in readiness," and away they trudged, slowly but surely. Presently C— whispered, "I see it, a beauty, stop!" and both stood still. Carlo was then coaxed up but would not budge. "D— the dog," ejaculated Judge B—, and then seeing the game, levelled his gun, and bang went the report. "Too much to the right," suggested C—, but now the strangest part of the business was transacted. The soi-disant hare came tripping along. Carlo wagged his tail, looking pleased, and then bounded forward to caress his newly made acquaintance, by which time Judge B— had reloaded, and was on the point of firing a second volley, when C— exclaimed loudly "Don't fire, if it is my wife's favourite cat, how on earth can it have strayed so far from home." However, there it was, and Carlo by this time was smelling, and licking it all over. Being so much disappointed at their first mishap, an adjournment was suggested, and evil minded people say, they both went home in the evening heavily laden with game of all descriptions, although but one report of a gun was heard during the whole day.

WE paid a visit to the Cambridge Hall of Varieties, Commercial-street E., a few evenings since, and were very pleased to see a great improvement in the general appearance of the Hall. The entertainment was above the ordinary run of what we expect to see and hear at music-halls generally. The great attraction of the evening was, however, Mr. Thomas Holden's Marionette Pantomime, *Beauty and the Beast*, with its miniature stage, shifting scenes, lime light, fairy bowers, waterfalls, &c., as perfect as those seen in an ordinary theatre. In fact, it only wants to be seen to be appreciated. The whole entertainment, under the chairmanship of Mr. W. Knowles and able management of Mr. F. Abrahams, is of high excellence.

On Saturday, fifty-eight greyhound saplings from the well-known kennel of Mr. R. Clements were sold by auction at Aldridge's repository and attracted a large number of coursing men. A litter of saplings, consisting of two-and-a-half brace by Blackburn and out of Own Sister to Magnano, winner of the Waterloo Cup, fetched 90gs.; three brace whelped last year, whose sire was Royal Joseph, brother to Honeymoon, a winner of the Waterloo Cup, realised 160gs.; four-and-a-half brace of saplings, whelped last year by Little Jane to Belfast, produced 246gs.; and the other lots brought good average prices.



SKETCHES FROM THE PANTOMIME AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER—("ROBINSON CRUSOE").



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER—"SINDBAD".

THE DRAMA.

THIS week has been marked by an event so unprecedented in dramatic annals as to be worthy of special record. On Tuesday night took place the second anniversary of the production at the Vaudeville Theatre of Mr. Byron's comedy, *Our Boys*, which on the following evening reached its six hundred and fiftieth consecutive representation. Some changes have occasionally been made in the cast, but with the exception of Mr. C. W. Garthorne, who has for some time past very creditably replaced Mr. Charles Warner in the part of Charles Middlewick, the comedy is still sustained by the original representatives—viz.:—Miss Kate Bishop as Violet Melrose, Miss Amy Roselle as Mary Melrose, Miss Sophie Larkin as the stately Miss Champneys, Miss Cicely Richards as the much-besmudged lodging-house servant Belinda, Mr. William Farren as Sir Geoffrey Champneys, Mr. Thomas Thorne as Talbot Champneys, and Mr. David James as the retired butlerman Perky-n Middlewick.

The pantomimes still continue to draw crowded audiences, both at the day and evening representations. The events to be recorded during the week comprise two novelties: a musical pastoral, *Happy Hampstead*, produced on Saturday night at the Royalty, and the new comedy-drama, *The Queen of Connaught*, at the Olympic, on Monday evening. The revival at the Opera Comique the same night of Mr. Byron's drama, *The Prompter's Box*, in succession to *Old Chums*, and the re-opening on Wednesday night (postponed from Monday) of the *Queen's*, under the direction of Mr. Frank Marshall, with a new opera by Signor Lauro Rossi (libretto by Mr. F. Marshall) entitled *Biorn*.

The Percy Dramatic Club gave a performance at St. George's Hall on Saturday last, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience. The entertainment commenced with Oxenford's farce *Retained for the Defence*, in which Mr. Herbert Harris as Pawkins, and Miss Lizzie Mahon as Agatha, played very fairly, followed by Dion Boucicault's comedy *London Assurance*, in which Mr. H. J. Ward as Charles Courtley, Mr. Summers as Dazzle, Mr. G. W. Harris as Mark Meddle, and Miss Ada Mellon as Lady Gay Spanker, showed great ability. The other characters were satisfactorily filled.

ROYALTY.—A musical farce, styled a musical pastoral, was produced here on Saturday night, under the title of *Happy Hampstead*, as a *lever de rideau* to Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*. The little piece, the music of which is by Mark Lynne, and the libretto by Mr. Frank Desprez, closely resembles in design and story, the slight musical sketch, *The Zoo*. A nobleman, the Marquess of Kentish Town, having replied to an advertisement in the *Matrimonial News*, of a romantic young lady, named "Amanda," who seeks an aristocratic husband, a long correspondence ensues, and an arrangement is made to meet at Hampstead Heath on Whit Monday, the nobleman to be disguised as a policeman, the lady as a housemaid. To the Heath, consequently repairs the marquess, not in the guise of a policeman, but disguised as a costermonger, and there disposes of his ginger beer and pop to the thirsty holiday makers, the donkey boys, and dainty tea women, while looking about for his innamorata, whom he can only recognise by her disguise, as he has never yet seen her. Amada's father, who had found his lordship's letter making the appointment, also arrives at the heath, disguised as an elderly savant, engaged by the directors of the Royal Aquarium to procure specimens of the titlebat tribe for the tanks of their establishment. The old gentlemen is not long before he recognises the noble marquess, notwithstanding the latter's disguise, and is elated at the prospect, having a marquess for son-in-law. Amanda soon arrives carrying her housemaid's implements of dust-pan and brush, and meeting the regular policeman on the beat, who has just ordered the coster to "move on" takes him for her noble correspondent, and makes gushing advances to him. Bobby is nothing loth, but soon disenchants her by his rude and brusque manners, and both get into hot water through the arrival of a cook, who had come by appointment to meet the policeman. The coster again appears on the scene, and his gallantry and aristocratic bearing in protecting her from the rudeness of the policeman, and from the jealous rage of the cook, soon convince Amanda that the seeming coster must be her noble lover, and the amusing trifle terminates satisfactorily to all. The Marquess, throwing off his coster's suit, Amanda's father, following his example, discards his disguise, and bestows his daughter's hand and his blessing on the delighted Marquess. The music, though not pretending to much originality, is light and sparkling, and the dialogue is occasionally smart. Messrs. Walter Fisher, Stoye, Charles Kelleher, and Miss Rose Cullen in the leading characters, respectively as the Marquess, Amanda's father, the policeman, and Amanda, worked with good effect to evoke mirth out of the humorous situations of the piece.

GAIETY.—Mr. Albery's comic drama, *The Man in Possession*, has been withdrawn, and during the week the programme has consisted of the condensed version of *Robert Macaire*, which has been so successful at the recent matinées here, through the droll acting of Mr. Toole as Jacques Strop and Mr. Collette as Macaire, and which, in consequence, is now transferred to the evening entertainment. This is preceded by *The Spitalfields Weaver*, and followed by the still popular burlesque *William Tell*, in each of which Mr. Toole is as humorously amusing as ever. This afternoon another of Mr. Byron's comedies *Dearer than Life* will be revived, with the ever-popular Mr. Toole in his original character. On Wednesday last more than usual interest was excited at the Gaiety matinée, from the fact that it was announced that Madame Dolaro, who hitherto has been considered one of our ablest and brightest exponents of opéra-bouffe, would make her first appearance in legitimate comedy. The part selected by Madame Dolaro was Lady Teazle. Curiosity was rife as to how the clever little lady would perform the difficult task she had set herself, and a critical and to a great extent a professional audience testified its warmest appreciation of Madame Dolaro's performance. Whether as the hoydenish country wife, the town fine lady, or the outraged woman, Madame Dolaro showed more grasp of character than was expected even by her warmest admirers, and in the famous scene with Sir Peter, where her ladyship first coaxes him, and then quarrels with him, Madame Dolaro showed by her brightness and intelligence how carefully she had studied the character she represented, altogether considering the difficulties of a first performance, and that performance for only one morning, Madame Dolaro cannot be complimented enough on her first effort in comedy. She was supported by an unusually strong cast, Messrs. Conway and Barnes as Charles and Joseph; Messrs. W. H. Stephens and Horace Wigan as Sir Peter and Sir Oliver, were all admirable in their different parts; while Mr. Wood as Crabtree, Mr. Lin Rayne as Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Miss Josephs as Lady Sneerwell, will be remembered as being unusually good in the famous production of the *School for Scandal* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Miss Eastlake as Maria, Mr. Cathcart as Rowley, M. Marius as Trip, and especially Mr. Collette as Moses, and Mr. Young as Snake, make up a cast worthy of Sheridan's masterpiece. The minuet was danced so gracefully by Mr. Wood and Miss Josephs, Mr. Lin Rayne and Madame Dolaro, that the audience insisted on an encore. The charming scenery and appointments were evidently selected from the usual Gaiety miscellany.

OPERA COMIQUE.—On Monday night, Mr. Byron's *Old Chums* was replaced in the programme by a revival of another of the

same author's dramas, *The Prompter's Box*, which was represented by a very efficient cast, including Mr. Byron himself in his original part, that of Fitz Altamont, the blighted tragedian of the provincial theatre at Snaggletope, probably one of Mr. Byron's best assumptions. Mr. J. Maclean, as a decayed gentleman and noble-hearted old prompter, Frank Bristowe, originally sustained by Mr. B. Webster, when the drama was first produced, in 1870, at the Adelphi; Mr. R. Soutar as the rich banker, Sir Michael Glendinning, Mr. J. H. Barnes as his son Ernest, the lover of the heroine Florence Bristowe, who found a most graceful and intelligent exponent in Miss M. Litton, who has of late made most marked progress as an actress of refinement and versatility, Mrs. F. Young, as Miss Mountcashel, the London star and rival of the heroine, and Messrs. Charles Royce and W. H. Leigh in other subordinate parts. The operatic extravaganza, *Little Don Caesar*, with Miss Farren as the hero, still ends the programme, but is soon to be withdrawn.

TO-DAY'S MORNING PERFORMANCES.—Besides the morning representations of the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Adelphi, Aquarium, Astley's, &c., Mr. Byron's drama *Dearer than Life*, in which Mr. Toole will appear in his original part, will be revived at the Gaiety matinée; *Peril* will be represented at the Prince of Wales's, and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) will appear as Bianca in Dean Milman's poetic tragedy (*Fazio*) at the Lyceum.

To-night, at the Haymarket, *Dan'l Druce* will be replaced by a revival of Mr. Gilbert's mythological comedy *Pygmalion and Galatea*, sustained by Mr. C. Harcourt and Miss Marion Terry in Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's parts of Pygmalion and Galatea. Miss Henrietta Hodson as Cynisca, originally represented by Miss Caroline Hill, and Mrs. Chippendale, and Messrs. Buckstone and Howe in their original characters of Daphne, Chrysos, and Leucippe. At the Lyceum the last Saturday evening representation of *Leah*, with Miss Bateman as the persecuted Jewish heroine, will be given.

The next Shakspearean revival at the Lyceum is announced for Monday week, the 29th inst., when Mr. Henry Irving will appear as *Richard III.* in the original version of Shakspeare's play.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The new play—*The Queen of Connaught*—the leading incidents and personages of which are stated to be founded on the popular novel of that name, produced at the Olympic on Monday night, shares in some respects the fault common to all dramatised novels—the absence of continuity in, or connecting links between, the incidents, which occasionally renders the motives of some of the personages unintelligible. The scene being laid in the wilds of the West of Ireland, and all the characters, with the exception of the hero, being Irish, it presents the strange anomaly of being an Irish melodrama without any of the Milesian humour, witty dialogue, or vivacious scenes characterising Irish dramas in general, and which rendered those of Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Falconer so popular. The "brogue," moreover, is only attempted by Miss Carlisle (Nannie Crogan), and that occasionally, Mr. W. J. Hill (Shawn O'Kelly), and one or two subordinate peasants. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, *The Queen of Connaught* is an effective melodrama, full of action, with several strong situations and "sensational" incidents. The principal characters are well drawn, admirably contrasted, and those assigned to Miss Ada Cavendish (Kathleen O'Mara, the spirited Irish heroine, called the Queen of Connaught) Mr. Henry Neville (John Darlington, Esq., a young and wealthy Englishman, who has purchased an estate in Connaught, and marries the heroine, Kathleen), and Mr. Flockton (Anthony Dunbeg, a brawler and "homicide") were sustained with signal ability and such marked effect as to call forth frequent applause.

The action commences on the impoverished estate, in Connemara, of the O'Mara family. The young Englishman, Mr. John Darlington, who has purchased the adjoining property, has fallen in love with and proposes for the hand of Kathleen O'Mara, the idol of her father's tenants and the peasantry, and who is popularly known as the "Queen of Connaught." Kathleen is, however, already betrothed to her cousin, Randal Dooneen (Mr. J. A. Arnold), the villain of the piece, who is naturally jealous of the attentions of the Englishman to his cousin, and becomes his deep enemy. This Dooneen has betrayed and deserted a pretty peasant girl, Nannie Crogan (Miss Carlisle), who seeks and reproaches him for his deception. The interview is overheard by Kathleen, whose eyes are thus opened to his perfidy. She revokes her promise to him, and is free to become engaged to Darlington. Then ensues the first sensational incident. Dooneen, incensed at the exposure Nannie has occasioned, throws the poor girl over the cliff, into the deep pool beneath, from which, however, as it subsequently appears, she is heroically rescued by Darlington, but only reappears at the finale of the play to the discomfiture of the scoundrel Dooneen. In this act, another character who takes a leading part in the subsequent action appears, this is Anthony Dunbeg, a stalwart ruffian, who having killed a man in a drunken brawl, flies from justice to seek sanctuary at the castle, which is readily accorded to him, on his proclaiming himself as a kinsman of the O'Maras. In the next act Darlington is the husband of Kathleen, and in fulfilment of the promise made to her before marriage, has restored the dilapidated castle to its ancient splendour, and revived all the glory of the family; he has done everything to improve the condition of the peasantry, but only to excite their enmity and hatred, based principally on their obstinate prejudice to the Saxon. His house is filled with low revellers, the kinsmen in whom his wife takes such pride and abets, among them the refugee homicide Dunbeg, and even the wretch Dooneen is still familiarly received by Kathleen, and takes every opportunity of insulting her husband. Darlington is further constantly receiving letters threatening his life, from the prejudiced peasants; his calm demeanour and exertions to benefit the tenantry are misconstrued by his wife into a want of sympathy, and she too cools towards him, while the only consolation he derives is from Kathleen's cousin, Norah Kenmare, a truly womanly and sympathetically drawn character, enacted with exceeding refinement, grace, and intelligence, by Miss Camille Dubois. The act ends with the arrest of Dunbeg by the police, upon information afforded by Dooneen; although, to add to his troubles, Darlington is suspected of this act of treachery. In the third act, the conspiracy to slay the hated Saxon thickens, and Darlington is inveigled to a cave in the wilds of Trimarro, where an attack is made upon him by a set of ruffians, when Kathleen, who has awakened to her sense of duty, on discovering the plot, opportunely appears, and exercising her authority as queen, heroically rescues her husband from assassination. The last act takes place in Darlington's study, where Kathleen asks and obtains forgiveness for her indifference and coolness, from Darlington, who now for the first time tells her of Dooneen's attempted murder of Nannie Crogan, and her rescue by himself, and also that it was Dooneen who had betrayed Dunbeg to the police. Dunbeg, who had previously entered the study and hid himself behind the screen to kill Darlington when his wife should leave him, hearing these revelations, at once comes forward, and in an agony of remorse begs of his intended victim to take retributive justice and shoot him. Darlington pardons him instead, when the window is burst open, and Dooneen rushes in with a party of ruffians to murder Darlington on his own hearth. They are frustrated in their fiendish project by the timely arrival of the

police, accompanied by Nannie Crogan; and the play ends with the arrest of the villain Dooneen, and the reconciliation of Darlington and his wife. As remarked, nothing could have been finer or more artistic than the exposition of the three leading characters—Miss Ada Cavendish, who received a most warm welcome, fully realised the refined, vivacious, and spirited well-born Irish maiden, in the first act; indeed, her brightness at this stage was the only relief of vivacity in the play, she rose to the heroic in the effective situation at the end of the third act, where she saves her husband's life, and in her interview and reconciliation with him in the last act she displayed marked tenderness and quiet emotion. Mr. Henry Neville subdued all the exuberant buoyancy of manner, which renders his impersonation of the chivalric heroes of romantic drama so captivating, and enacted the part of the thoughtful, reserved, and noble-hearted English gentleman, John Darlington, with admirable dignity and quiet repose, deficient neither in characteristic force nor geniality. Mr. Flockton as the brawling reveller, Anthony Dunbeg, a rôle wholly different to those he has hitherto sustained, also displayed unwonted vigour and picturesque intensity, especially in the last act, after he overheard that Dooneen, and not his intended victim, was his treacherous betrayer. Miss Carlisle was commendably impressive in the small part of Nannie Crogan, and Miss Camille Dubois, as before stated, was excellent, and showed further progress in her art, as the representative of the heroine's cousin, Norah Kenmare; her dresses, too, were very charming. Mr. J. A. Arnold, from the American theatres, who made his first appearance here as the villain, Randal Dooneen, is evidently an experienced actor, and well practised in stage business, but his manner and elocution are stilted and conventional, with just a *souppçon* of Yankee twang, somewhat strongly reminiscent of his compatriot and immediate predecessor here—Mr. Frayne. Mr. Hill, although evidently out of his element, was, as he always is, amusing, as the Irish servant and factotum to the O'Mara, Shawn O'Kelly; and Mr. Vollaire lent useful aid as the father of the heroine.

PARK THEATRE.

THE dwellers on the northern heights as well as the play-going public generally, have mustered in great force during the past few days, for the farewell performances of Miss Alice May, whose last appearance for the present took place last evening. We hope that many weeks may not elapse before we may again be charmed with the singing and acting of this great artiste. To break the loss gently, as it were, Mr. South has determined to continue the run of the successful pantomime, *Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son*. As we have already stated, it is admirable. Mr. W. H. Payne's lecture on cookery, à la Buckmaster, is one of the funniest pieces of pantomime business imaginable; as to Mr. Fred. Payne, we boldly assert that no other pantomimist is a patch—a harlequin's patch—on him. The pantomime will be preceded each night by Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt's successful drama of *Neck or Nothing*, for which a strong company has been engaged by the enterprising and popular manager Mr. Rich; Mr. South, who opens at Belfast with his Grand Duchess Opera Company, on Monday next, leaves Mr. E. Russell as his representative at the Park.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

IN addition to the two novelties, Messrs. Burnand and German Reed's *Matched and Mated*, and Mr. Corney Grain's musical sketch, *Our Table d'Hôte*, only very recently produced at their ever-popular entertainment, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have provided a fanciful little trifle, most appropriate to the Christmas holidays, when the amusements of children are specially catered for. The new piece, written by Mr. W. Wye, with music by Cotsford Dick, is entitled, *Our Doll's House: A Fairy Vision in one Peep*. It is founded upon the fanciful ideas, "That all dolls are naughty little girls and boys, who have been changed into that condition by the fairies on account of their misdeeds," and that they are restored to life at midnight for one hour. Further, by the fairy laws, if the dolls can once pass that hour of restored animation without an unkind word between them; or if two dolls of opposite sex fall in love with each other, they are released from the spell, and henceforth cease to be dolls. The action takes place in the kitchen of our doll's house—upon which the curtain rises, as midnight is chiming. At the last stroke the Lady Doll (Miss Fanny Holland) and the Gentleman Doll (Mr. Arthur Law) become released from their previous twenty-three hours of rigidity, and resume speech and motion. They are far from harmonious to each other, and are only prevented from a violent quarrel by the entrance of Little Red Riding Hood, a doll pen-wiper, in scarlet and black (Miss Leonora Braham), who vents her fury at the indignity of having been thrown into the waste paper basket by the children. The trio are soon joined in rotation by the wooden-soldier toy (Mr. Alfred Reed). Little Bo-Peep, a Dresden-china shepherdess (Miss Millie Holland) and Noah, out of the toy ark (Mr. Corney Grain). After some whimsical and characteristic comic business between these members of the doll kingdom—including a stately old fashioned dance, performed with ludicrous effect, from the normal stiffness, by the six animated dolls, the whole party engage in a game of cross purposes in their love makings. The gentleman doll is enamoured of Little Red Riding Hood, who rejects him, as her affections are set upon Noah, but hopelessly, as he has lost his heart to the Lady Doll. Her ladyship, however, scorns his suit, as she is fascinated by the martial bearing of the wooden soldier, who, however, is blind to any idol but Bo-Peep, the gentle shepherdess whose affections yearn towards the gentleman doll. The jealousies and ill-feeling arising from these misplaced affections have their climax in a general quarrel just as the clock chimes one, and the poor dolls having thus failed in fulfilling the conditions which would entitle them to a release, are relegated to their inanimate state once more as the curtain descends. The little piece, as may be surmised, affords ample scope for the comedy abilities of the German Reed company. Mr. Corney Grain and Alfred Reed represent with quaint and amusing drollery the inflexibility of the wooden toys, Noah and Soldier, and were admirably made up. Mr. Law and the three ladies enter equally into the spirit and fun in their representations of the other dolls. The music, by Mr. Dick is lively and pleasing, and is, as usual, well rendered by the singers, especially "The Legend of the Baby in the Bath," by Miss Fanny Holland, a patter song of Noah's antecedents, by Mr. Corney Grain, and the ensemble by the sextet of dolls, which is admirably harmonised. *Our Doll's House* is sure to run even beyond the holidays.

The Duke of Connaught and the Count and Countess Gleichen and suite honoured the performance at Drury Lane with their presence on Monday evening.

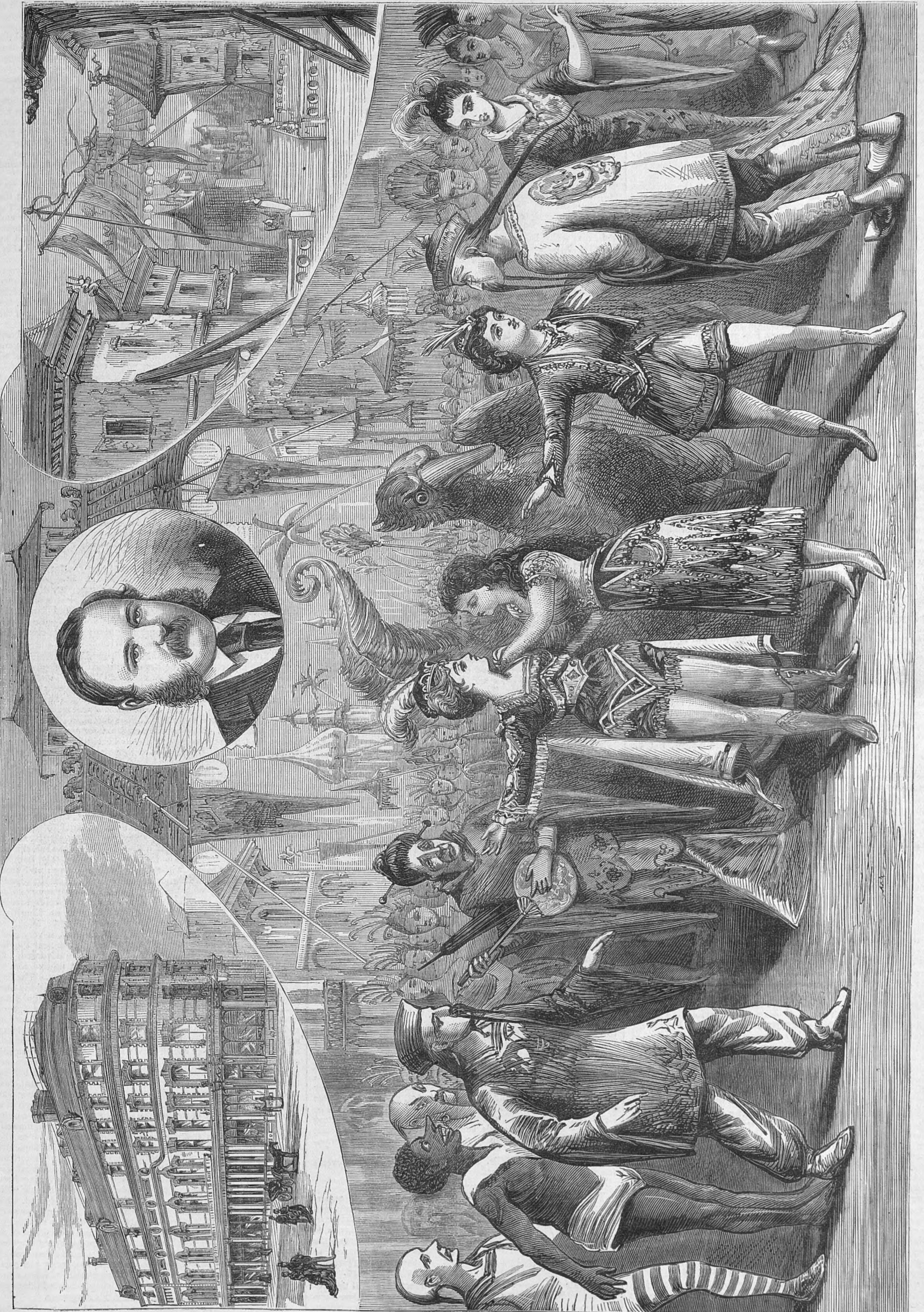
Mr. Gilbert's play of *Dan'l Druce* has been produced at Booth's Theatre, New York, and met with approval.

The next novelties at the Gaiety will probably be Mr. Burnand's new farcical drama, *The Tale of a Head* and a new comic drama by Mr. Robert Reece.

A new burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron, entitled *The Bohemian Gyrl*, is in preparation at the Opera Comique.

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SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME AT THE ROTUNDA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.—("ALADDIN.")

MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

THE NEW OPERA "BIORN."

ON Wednesday last the Queen's Theatre was reopened for the production of a new five act opera, written by Mr. Frank Marshall, and composed by Signor Lauro Rossi, director of the Royal College of Music at Naples, and composer of *La Contessa di Mons*, and other operas which enjoy popularity in Italy. Mr. Marshall is a dramatic writer who has won his spurs; and in the adaptation of Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, which forms the libretto of the new opera entitled *Biorn*, he has shown considerable constructive skill, combined with literary ability. Why he should transfer the action of the piece from Scotland to Norway it seems difficult to perceive; but possibly Signor Rossi himself wished to avoid all appearance of antagonism to his celebrated contemporary Verdi, whose unsuccessful opera *Macbeth* closely follows the original tragedy. The introduction of the lover, Rollo, may be justified by the exigencies of opera, and both in the additions and the excisions which he has made Mr. Marshall has shown sound judgment. The story of *Biorn* is as follows:—The curtain rises on a forest in Norway, where some peasants are waiting for news of the battle fought between King Sigurd (whose forces are commanded by Biorn, Earl of Bergen) and the rebel Prince of Jutland. Hako and Ulf enter, and announce that the King's troops have been victorious; but the rejoicings of the chorus are interrupted by the sounds of strange laughter, &c., and Ulf reminds them that the fell is supposed to be haunted. They withdraw in terror, when Hela appears, and calls together her supernatural subjects, consisting of elves, evil spirits, &c., and, lastly, the three Norni, or "Fates." Hela announces the approach of Biorn, and instructs the three Norni how to ensnare his soul. When the demons have disappeared, Biorn enters, followed by Rollo, and the Norni soon appear, and prophecy Biorn's advancement, first to be Prince of Jutland, and afterwards King. Rollo goes to receive Sigurd, who is on his way from the battle, and Biorn, left alone, resolves that he will do all he can to fulfil the Nornis' prophecy. King Sigurd, accompanied by the army and chiefs, enters, and hangs round Biorn's neck the chain which had been taken from the rebel Jutland. The King then announces his intention of visiting his cousin Biorn at his castle.

The second act takes place at Biorn's Castle, in the hall of which we find Elfrida's waiting-women employed at their work. Elfrida enters with a letter which announces Biorn's coming, and relates the prophecy of the Norni; and after the waiting-women have been dismissed, she pictures to herself the glory of being a Queen. A messenger arrives announcing the King's approach, and shortly afterwards Biorn, whom his wife salutes as King; her ambitious suggestions are supported by the voices of the Norni, which Biorn hears in the distance repeating "King that shalt be." While he hesitates the sound is heard of Sigurd's army approaching, and the act ends with their arrival.

The third act takes place in the court-yard of the castle. Hako, Ulf, and Eric come out of the banqueting-hall and confer, expressing grave fears for their country's safety. Rollo comes down the turret steps as they go away, and deplores the hopelessness of his love for Elfrida, who enters, and confesses that she has preferred ambition to love, and that she will not turn from her purpose, though it end in death. Sigurd and his court come to witness a dance of peasants, after which the King dismisses all to rest, and Elfrida escorts him to the door of his chamber, having presented to him a cup of wine which had been drugged. Biorn is left alone, and a terrific thunderstorm begins, during which the Norni appear, and incite his wavering courage to commit the crime which is to open his way to the throne. Having done the murder, he is about to follow Elfrida into their own part of the castle, when Rollo enters, and, before Biorn can prevent him, goes into the King's chamber. Elfrida drags Biorn away, and alone confronts the terrified Rollo, telling him that she has done the murders, and bidding him betray her if he will. She leaves him, half stupefied with horror, but he sounds the horn, as she had directed him, and gives the alarm. The chiefs, soldiers, and attendants enter, and just as they have learned that the king has been murdered, Biorn and Elfrida enter. Rollo is resolved to save Elfrida, and declares that Sigurd was murdered by his guards, and that he himself had slain them. The act ends with a chorus of lamentation for the death of the "good old king."

The first scene of act four represents "the Cave of the Norni," to which Biorn comes in order to question them as to the future. In reply to his question "How long he has to reign?" a figure appears like his own, its face concealed by a cloak, which being dropped reveals a skull. He asks to see his successor, and is shown the figure of young Magnus, Sigurd's son. His last question is "Who are the foes he has most to dread?" in answer to this he sees his wife and Rollo. This throws him into a paroxysm of rage, in which he sinks on the ground, and the Norni disappear, the scene changing to a wood. Biorn comes to himself in time to meet the three murderers, whom he commissions to murder Rollo that night under Elfrida's window. One of the murderers is Hako disguised, who declares his resolution to save Rollo's life. The scene changes to Elfrida's chamber. She has sent for Rollo, to warn him against Biorn's jealousy, but when she enters she is walking in her sleep. She sings a pathetic air expressing her remorse, and returns to her bedroom. Rollo, left alone, is declaring his resolve to put an end to Biorn's guilty life, when the latter enters by a door in the tapestry. The sight of Rollo confirms his suspicions, and when Elfrida re-enters, awake, he charges her with infidelity, a charge which she indignantly refutes. At this moment the signal of the murderers is heard below, and Rollo's cry for help; Elfrida, recognising the voice, rushes to the window, she turns to denounce Biorn's treachery, but falls senseless to the ground, and, amidst the noise of the conflict without, the curtain descends.

The last act commences with the meeting of Hako and Ulf, in a gallery of the royal palace. They are awaiting Eric's arrival, who enters, bringing the news that Magnus (the young son of Sigurd), is lying in ambush with his army near the Palace, and will enter the gates at a given signal. A grand banquet is given by Biorn in the Palace, at which all the nobles, courtiers, &c., are present; the new King and Queen enter in state, and take their places at the head of the table. A messenger now enters with a paper, which warns Biorn that he is betrayed; but he disregards the threat, trying to obey Elfrida's directions, and to assume a merriment which he does not feel. He takes a cup and sings a favourite drinking song, at the end of which he drinks to Rollo's health. Just then Rollo appears, and touches him on the shoulder. Biorn drops the cup, and starts away in affright. Elfrida is in high spirits, and presses Biorn to drink. The chorus take up the refrain of the drinking song, at the end of which Rollo appears, to the consternation of Biorn, and drinks to Biorn's health. Mad with rage and terror, Biorn draws his sword, and furiously attacks Rollo. Elfrida tries to stop him, but in the blindness of his fury he wounds her, and she falls, dying, into the arms of her attendants. Rollo, enraged at the sight of his dying love, kills Biorn with one blow. Hako, Ulf, and Eric are protecting him from the soldiers, who would slay him as a

traitor, when Magnus appears, borne on a shield by his soldiers, and Hako bids all hail the young prince as their rightful king.

The music is not equal in merit to the libretto, and Signor Rossi has been even less successful than Verdi in his musical treatment of the terrible story of *Macbeth*. He shows no real dramatic power, and never once rises to the height of the great occasion. The character of Elfrida (Lady Macbeth) affords many opportunities for the display of pathos, but of these no profit is made; the supernatural element is largely provided in the persons of Hela (Hecate) and her infernal attendants, but no sensations of terror are aroused, no striking effects produced; the various emotions which successfully affect the chorus suggest musical contrast and variety, but with the exception of the passage sung by Elfrida's attendants while she sleeps, the choral music is weak and common-place. The rôle of the youthful lover, Rollo, affords an opportunity for the introduction of tender melodies; but the cantabile passages allotted to him are trite and tame. The orchestration, although the best feature in the work, is often noisy and vulgar, and too often inappropriate in character. In some instances the familiar orchestral devices of Richard Wagner are employed, in others Weber's instrumental effects in the incantation scene of *Der Freischütz* are recalled; the opening phrase of the soprano air in Pacini's *Saffo* is reproduced, and reminiscences of other operas are abundant in *Biorn*. Still it is evident that the composer has been earnest in his efforts. The solos and duets given to Biorn and his wife Elfrida have been carefully written, and there is brightness in some of the music assigned to Rollo. The orchestral scoring is occasionally brilliant, and the ballet music is tuneful if not original. It is just to say, that the hand of a proficient musician is sometimes perceptible, and that there is reason to believe a greater success might have been made by Signor Rossi had he been engaged on a less exacting theme. It must also be admitted that he was not fortunate in his interpreters, and that very few of the artists who were permitted to "create" the numerous rôles belonging to the opera were fully qualified for their tasks. It was also specially unfortunate that Mrs. Marshall, the prima donna to whom was entrusted the important rôle of Elfrida, was so severely indisposed that an apology was made on her behalf; and, although she courageously persevered in her task, her intonation was seriously affected. Signor Mottino has a hard and unsympathetic baritone voice, but his singing and acting as Biorn showed good training. Mdlle. Corandi (Hela), except when her intonation was affected by nervousness, sang artistically, Miss Cora Stuart sang with much spirit in the part of the lover, Rollo, and Mr. Coventry (Ulf) made good use of an agreeable tenor voice. Of the other artists we may speak hereafter. The advisability of further rehearsals, both for principals and chorus, often became evident, and unqualified praise can alone be given to the numerous and excellent orchestra, and to the skilful zealous conductor, Signor Tito Mattel. The opera was well mounted, with new scenery by Messrs. Gordon and Harford, and new costumes made by Auguste and Co., and Mrs. May, from designs by Mr. Alfred Thompson.

Those who are familiar with the kind of enthusiasm manifested on operatic "first nights," will not be surprised to learn that plaudits and recalls were profusely awarded. The call for Mr. Frank Marshall was genuine and hearty. It is not his fault that his well-constructed libretto has failed to find a sufficiently powerful musical illustrator, and his share in the work is entitled to unreserved approbation.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE concert given on Monday last, at St. James's Hall, was the 570th of the series of Monday Popular Concerts, and was in most respects worthy the reputation of its predecessors. The programme contained Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, Op. 12, for two violins (MM. Holmes and Ries), viola (Mr. Zerbini), and violoncello (Signor Piatti); Brahms's "Liebeslieder Walzer," Op. 52, for four hands on the pianoforte (Mdlles. Krebs and Zimmermann); and obligato for four voices (Mdlles. Redeker and Lane, MM. Shakspeare and Pyatt); Chopin's rondo in C major, for two pianofortes (Mdlles. Krebs and Zimmermann); Schumann's vocal quartets, "Es ist verrathen" and "Ich bin geliebt;" and Beethoven's trio in C major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte (Mdlle. Krebs), violin (Mr. Holmes), and violoncello (Signor Piatti). When it is added that the Schumann quartet was accompanied by Mr. Zerbini, it will be seen that complete efficiency in all departments was secured. How well the opening quartet was played it will be needless to say. It has seldom, if ever, been played better. The most interesting of the two novelties produced at this concert was the set of love songs combined with pianoforte waltzes, composed by Brahms. These were well sung, but were monotonous in effect, owing to their excessive number. Triple time is probably the most popular of any, but is apt to become tedious to the listener who is obliged to endure a succession of eighteen (!) love songs, all in 3-4 time, and all on the same subject. Many of the love waltzes were melodious and poetical, and on future occasions a selection from Brahms's "Liebeslieder Walzer" would doubtless prove acceptable. In their complete form they suggest to us the thought that life is too short for art so long. Wesley once replied to a minister who asked his opinion of the extempore prayer the latter had offered up—"Brother, first you prayed me into a good mind, and then you prayed me out of it." Half a dozen, or even half a score love songs in triple time might perhaps be endurable, but eighteen! The second novelty—the Chopin pianoforte rondo—was excellently played by Mdlles. Krebs and Zimmermann, but was chiefly interesting as a posthumous relic of the composer, whose genius it poorly represents. Occasionally there were evidences of Chopin's peculiar style, but on the whole the duet was of little intrinsic value, although it affords to skilful pianists many opportunities for the display of executive ability. Schumann's two quartets are taken from his collection of Spanish songs ("Spanisches Liederspiel"), composed by him to Geibel's German translations of Spanish national songs. They partake but slightly of the Spanish character, yet are acceptable on account of their melodic grace, and good voicing. The Beethoven Trio formed a worthy conclusion to this interesting concert, in which novel music, combined with classic masterpieces, was brought in the most complete style before a large and sympathetic audience.

On Monday next, Mdlle. Marie Krebs will play Beethoven's famous "Thirty-two Variations on an Air in C minor."

The admirers of Richard Wagner will have another opportunity of hearing his *Nibelungen Ring*, which is to be performed at Bayreuth next summer, at an earlier period than last year, commencing July 29 instead of August 12. The Tetralogy is to be performed three times in three consecutive weeks, and the prices are lowered. Richard Wagner has already returned to Bayreuth for the purpose of commencing the necessary preparations. His opera, *Percival*, is said to be nearly completed.

Madame Christine Nilsson has made a great success at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, under difficult circumstances, as she alone sings in French, while the other artists sing in German. Nevertheless, she has obtained enthusiastic applause on every occasion, and on the night of her début was called before the footlights over fifty times.

Mdlle. Albani has been brilliantly successful at the Italian

Opera, Paris. The critics praise equally her vocalisation and her acting, and concur in declaring that the talent which was in the bud when she sang in Paris three years previous has now ripened into rich blossom.

Madame Adelina Patti and Madame Pauline Lucca are still at the Italian Opera, St. Petersburg, and the house is crowded when they sing.

Mdlle. Titiens has been touring successfully in Ireland, and the *Cork Examiner* says, "the ample and splendid voice which has been so long the glory of the lyric stage, shows no trace of decay, and is still as fresh and capable as ever."

The Sinico-Campobello tour in the provinces has been remarkably successful; but has been attended with some discomforts, owing to the floods. Yesterday week, the party, including Mesdames Sinico-Campobello, Rose Hersee, and Demeric Lablache, MM. Wilford Morgan, Campobello, Romano, &c., arrived at Plymouth, after passing through a country which was for more than two miles flooded to the doors of the railway carriages. On the same night they gave a recital of *Maritana*, at the Plymouth Guildhall, to an audience of nearly three thousand persons.

Mr. W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac., Oxon., was announced to give a lecture on "English Madrigal Composers," last night, at the London Institution, too late for notice this week. Mr. Barrett is a highly esteemed critic, and is one of the authors of *Stainer and Barrett's "Musical Dictionary."* He will lecture at the London Institution, Feb. 15, on "English Glee Composers," assisted by a choir of twenty voices from St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal, &c.

Mr. Sims Reeves, according to Melbourne papers, is fully expected in Australia this year, and tickets for his first appearance are already selling at one guinea each. Supposing Mr. Reeves should decide *not* to visit Australia—and we believe he has not yet formed any decision on the subject—what will become of the guineas paid for tickets for his début at Melbourne?

A monument to Beethoven, to be erected at Vienna, has been suggested by a committee composed of eminent German musicians and literary men. They conclude their appeal to the public of all countries by expressing their hope "that the lyre of Beethoven—renewing the miracle of Amphiön—will have the gift of attracting the stones for the monument, which will for ever perpetuate the glory of the immortal master."

Herr Wilhelm is taking well-earned repose at his country residence, near Wiesbaden.

MISS SANTLEY.—In reference to a performance at the Royalty Theatre, on the 13th inst., Mr. R. D'Oyley Carte writes as follows:—"Miss Santley met with a severe accident about a fortnight since, which almost disabled her. She has, however, in the most courageous manner, performed every evening, although she has had to do so under great difficulties, having her foot and leg in irons. A report has got about that she was not performing, and as this must seriously affect the receipts of the theatre, it will really be a great favour if you can authoritatively contradict this rumour. Miss Santley is nearly recovered, and plays every evening."

In graceful and grateful recognition of past greatness a special meeting of the Urban Club was held at St. John's-gate, Clerkenwell, for the purpose of celebrating the memory of Edmund Spenser the poet, on the Friday evening of last week. Mr. John Jeremiah, the hon. secretary, presided, and Dr. J. P. Carpenter, the well-known author of many songs, filled the vice-chair. A programme was compiled by Mr. Jeremiah, containing in epitome all that is known of the poet.

MR. LANT, of Nailcote Hall, has intimated his intention of resigning the mastership of the North Warwickshire Hounds at the close of the present season. Several of the residents of Leamington are represented as being discontented with the sport obtained, whilst Mr. Lant is dissatisfied with the pecuniary support he receives. Some covert owners are accused of preferring game to foxes, and small farmers complain of the difficulty they experience in obtaining compensation for poultry destroyed. One of the farmers took his revenge, and excited great indignation by driving through Leamington with a shot fox tied to his cart tail.

LAST MONTH'S SPORTING OBITUARY.—That modern curse of foxhunting, the treacherous wire, was met with in the middle of November, in places we little expected to hear of it. When Mr. Tailby's hounds met at Arnesby, about the middle of November, there was still a good deal up about Ashby, and we always thought that in this hunt there was a special fund to meet this difficulty. On the 22nd, in the vicinity of Crick, Mr. R. Gillespie-Stainton, of Bitteswell, had a nasty fall, from the sun shining on it and rendering it quite invisible, but, fortunately, both he and his horse escaped without any serious injury; and from Hampshire we learn, with great regret, of the death of Mr. Francis Marx, of Arlebury, who for many years had been secretary to the H.H., and was one of the best sportsmen and boldest riders in that country. He was returning from hunting on Thursday, December 7th, after a good gallop from Micheldever Wood to Stratton Park, which he enjoyed, and was, as usual, in very good spirits; but on his way home he walked over a gap near Pinglestone, through which a horrible sneaking wire was passed, and this overturned his horse, which fell on him, and injured him so severely that the doctors gave no hopes of his recovery. The formidable list of hunting accidents which has characterised the present season receives a melancholy addition from the death of John Rolt, Esq., of Ozeleworth, Gloucestershire, at the early age of forty-two. Mr. Rolt was well known with both the Badminton and Berkeley packs, and it was with the latter that he was riding a favourite mare, Barmad, on the 24th November, when he fell at a fence, and received a kick which fractured his skull, causing death in about three hours. Of a kind and genial temperament, and a thorough sportsman, Mr. Rolt will long be regretted by those who knew him, whether at the covert-side, in the stubbles, or on the Scotch moor, in each and all of which his presence was equally popular. We are sorry to record the death, though at a good old age, of one of the most zealous promoters of the coaching revival, albeit not a coachman, as far as we are aware, himself. Mr. E. Godsell was the partner of Sir Henry de Bathe on the Dorking road some three or four years ago, and subsequently joined that gallant officer and Major Furnivall on the Westerham and Beckenham coaches. He lived at Tulse Hill, and great was the pleasure of the worthy old man when "Ned's" warning horn drew him to the window of his breakfast-room, and he saw "Sir Henry" or "the Major" go up the hill with a good load. He was a frequent passenger, too, and his cheery, genial manner soon made him friends with every one. He was an early member of the Road Club, in the success of which he took great interest, as well, indeed, as in all coaching matters. His eye would brighten when a new venture was spoken of, and he was ready with many a business suggestion—ready with his purse, too, to aid the good work. He will be much missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintance, who valued him for a simple-hearted kindness without any alloy.—"Our Van" in *Baily's Magazine*.

ALL WHO COUGH OR HAVE COLDS should read the following extract received this day, January 6, 1877, from S. PEARSELL, Esq., Vicar Choral, Lichfield Cathedral:—"I am suffering much from this unhealthy season. Send me a few boxes of DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS, as they alone afford me relief." They taste pleasantly, and are sold at 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per box of all chemists.—[ADVT.]

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

To the dearest and best of juvenile première danseuses whom it has ever been my fortune to see I owe an apology. Confound my clumsy inexpressive pen, that where my heart was full of the desire to impress upon my readers that I admired the performance of La Petite Cerito at the Adelphi Theatre more than ever I had admired the dancing of any grown-up danseuse, this scurvy goose-quill should have made the dear little lady to suppose that my opinion of her as an artiste was an unfavourable one. Let me here forthwith upon my knees make amends.

The Captious Critic hereby presents his compliments to Mdlle. La Petite Cerito and is truly sorry (upon his honour as a gentleman) that any words of his, however differently intended, should have been so vaguely expressed as to convey a wrong impression to anyone regarding his opinion of her merits as a première danseuse. The Captious Critic wishes further to assure Mdlle. La



Petite Cerito that he will yield to no one in admiration of her talents and accomplishments, which, indeed, are surprising so far as herself is concerned, and reflect great credit upon her instructors. The Captious Critic hopes in conclusion that Mdlle. La Petite Cerito will forgive him if he has caused her a moment's pain, for he is and will remain her most devoted admirer.

It is incumbent upon me also to make some reply to this clever little lady's champion, whose letter in last week's issue, in the manner of its insertion has unfortunately been the occasion of a second mistake. I cannot deny that somehow or other I did



Classic figure from "Chloris" or "Harlequin, Pygmalion gone wrong" at the Britannia

confound columbine with première danseuse, and première danseuse with columbine. My only apology is, that I was so pleased with all the small histrions, who give such a charm to the Adelphi pantomime, that my general joy interfered with my particular discrimination. Having explained this matter, I trust satisfactorily, I will proceed with the business of the day.

When I beheld for the first time, a few nights ago, the astounding concourse of people who crowd all available space in the Britannia Theatre, at Hoxton, in order to enjoy the Christmas pantomime, I was more impressed than ever with the truth of

what my astute Israelitish acquaintance of last week said concerning theatrical speculation in the East-end. Humanity in the East has not yet been cursed with the scepticism in matters of amusement which, in the West, renders the managerial pillow such a thorny one. The pit at the Britannia was to me a sight that called for wonderment and awe. When I tried to reflect how long before the doors of the theatre were opened those enthusiastic men, women, and children must have arrived and waited at the portals, my brain reeled under the calculation. "Good gracious," I thought, "and do we, in our narrow occidental sphere, grumble over our entertainments, and rashly conclude that



A little Devil

the theatre has lost its ancient hold upon the people? Do we frequently and audaciously assert that the once crude, simple mummeries have ceased to afford diversion to the million who toil, and also opine that school boards and other superior educational advantages have rendered them also more languid in their appetites—more solicitous of morbid sensations than heretofore? If we do, to witness how these Hoxtonians in their thousands, from the aged grandsire down to the infant in arms, assemble to enjoy in their different ways a Christmas pantomime, ought to dispel once for all such purblind errors regarding the theatrical enthusiasm of the populace. It is not surprising that Mrs. Sara Lane, the genial manageress of the Britannia, confronts her audience in confident good humor. It is no wonder that she goes through her performance with an energy and vivacity that would do credit to actresses younger in their profession, because the innumerable faces that one sees before him are for the most part beaming with genuine faith in the entertainment that is set before them. It is evident that playgoers in this region believe in one theatre only. Little they seek of the frequent failures and occasional successes which have weekly to be chronicled in the west. In their theatrical vocabulary the word failure has evidently



no place. I will not attempt to give anything approaching a detailed description of story or incident in the Britannia pantomime. Be it enough for me to state that it is entitled *Turlututu, or the Three Enchanted Hats*, that it opens in the infernal regions, in which Mrs. Lane plays the part of Phosphorielle, wife, as may be presumed, to Lucifer, and even at the very outset she goes through an amount of singing and dancing that would be in some theatres considered an ample evening's work for one actress. But, bless you, this is only the beginning of her task. For in part the second, assuming various disguises, this indefatigable lady more than doubles her previous exertions. Her energy infects the other actors. Miss Pollie Randall, who plays Il Diavolo, seems inspired with a wild and reckless vivacity which sometimes rises to an appalling height. Mr. Fred. Foster, whose powerful voice and effective style of singing greatly aid the success of the pantomime, plays Turlututu with much spirit. As a Captious Critic, I must say that if during the entire performance my normal habit of fault finding ever chanced to make me feel censorious, I had only to turn my eyes upon the auditorium and,

as a sheep is before her shearers, so I, before the Majesty of the People, was dumb. From their thousand throats the fiat issued in loud cheers, shrill whistles, and other characteristic modes of expression, "Good!" And had my less robust taste ventured to dissent from that verdict, I have no doubt my utter feebleness would have appalled me. But I did not venture. I acquiesced in everything. And when the entire company, headed by Mrs. Lane, marched round the stage at the end of the opening part, shouting a chorus with this burden:—

Of all the pantomimes ever you've seen,
There's none to equal this,

I bowed in silent wonder and respect before the vast audience, who dared in these superior days to be amused.

The after-piece roused in me rather different feelings. It is a mythological play entitled *Chloris*. It affords an instance of what might be called literary murder. To the report of which crime might be added the too-familiar words, "the corpse is so horribly mutilated as to be almost beyond identification."



Notes of approval at the Brit.

Chloris, in short, is an outrageous adaptation of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's beautiful play *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and the mutilator is a Mr. Newbound. Surely the law affords Mr. Gilbert some remedy against such a wilful injury to his finest work!

I went to the Marylebone Theatre on Saturday, and was vastly entertained both by audience and performance. I had some thought about old glories having departed, when I remembered that "Joe" Cave was illuminating the Royal Aquarium pantomime; but, no, Marylebone has its favourites who still fret their hour at the "Alfred," and though Joseph is not, the happy audiences comfort themselves with cheering the efforts of Mr. George Skinner and Miss Garrett. But why should I even suggest being melancholy at the absence of Mr. Cave; is he not winning fresh laurels elsewhere, and have we not "George," his sturdy brother, to represent the family in front?

Seriously, the little theatre in Church-street, Edgware-road, under the immediate management of Mr. Albert West, offers a very lively and pretty pantomime on the subject of *Little Jack*



The 'fat' of the piece

Horner; or, Harlequin Oranges and Lemons, &c., &c., which includes almost a complete children's pantomime in its performance. I don't, as a rule, say much in favour of music-halls. But the other evening not feeling quite equal to sitting out the "comic business" after the transformation scene, I was wending my way down Edgware-road when a picture of Ramsgate (highly coloured) caught my eyes, and eventually explained to me that a grand ballet on the subject was proceeding. Having heard a good deal lately anent Ramsgate and the Granville Hotel there, I felt curious to see it on the stage, the result was that I enjoyed a thoroughly good ballet, with a plot, beautifully dressed and well danced. I was considerably surprised by finding such a performance in a place that I had associated in my mind with "rorty" singers and clog niggers. While I remained it had all the tone of a theatre.



"WHAT WILL HAPPEN?"



DISCOVERING THE TRACK.

TURFIANA.

THERE were not many faces familiar to racing men to be seen at Tattersall's last Monday, and the boxes of the Glasgow stallions were filled for the most part with quiet gentlemen from the country, taking stock of the "legacy horses," and comparing notes with one another as to profit and loss of these yearly speculative transactions. On the whole, from what we could gather, the balance seemed to be on the right side, and there can be no doubt that both principle and practice are good, and that all will come right in the end. Mr. Chaplin has set a capital example to the "lords of many lands," by making a present of St. Liz, for stud purposes, to a Lincolnshire lad, who will do his best by him, and it is high time that other gentlemen followed suit, for there must be plenty of the proper sort hanging upon their owners' hands, or awaiting exportation at stud farms. But to return to "the yard." There was plenty of "showing out" in the lane by the boxes, and the morning parade wound up with Musket and General Peel walking round and showing their muscles to quite a gathering of sight-seers. The former was rather unlucky with mares his first season, Caller Ou and others having failed to return produce, and several of his young things dying off; so that he was left with very few to open the ball as two-year-olds. Musket has no great bone in proportion to his massive "top," and is too long in the shank to fill the eye as a model sire. Altogether, he takes a deal more after the Melbournes than the Touchstones, but there is not much "character" about him, and he might be passed in a crowd without an inquiry as to his identity. Still there must be something thoroughly good and genuine about him, sure to come out (like murder) some day or other, and we hope he may meet with some real good mares to help him. In the North of England, he had a good following to start with, and the Messrs. Graham have dipped pretty freely into him; while he leaves some stalwart pledges behind him at Bonehill.

General Peel is the same unsatisfactory horse as ever, and shows far more wear than either of his contemporaries, Blair Athol or Scottish Chief, who "sandwiched" him in the Derby. His Two Thousand Guineas victory is readily discounted, and he only managed to pull through the Doncaster Cup in very slovenly fashion, while Ely found out his weak spot up the Ascot hill. Some of his two-year-old stock have shown respectable form, but have signally failed to train on, and they all take after their progenitor in lightness of girth and lack of heart room, so fatal to great pretensions. Alexander is rather of the giraffe order, and Make Haste only a middling sort, with a soft look about him. First Flight was quite an Hyperion among satyrs, with his elegant taper head, fine quality throughout, and action which should make him sought after, as we have said before, for hackneys and roadsters. Cleveland is another well moulded gentleman, but the "roans" are coarse and common, and one of them danced up and down the yard as though he were hung upon wires, and so many of the big sort seem more especially to fail in hind action. Lemnos, who has figured in the sale list so long, was quite the swell of the party, looked handsome as a picture, albeit in his winter coat, with gaily blazed face, arched neck, dipped back, and high quarters, and but for being a shorter horse, there is a certain look of Friponnier about him, and both revelled in the A.F. In his early days of training, we thought him most like his sire of anything by Thunderbolt we had seen, but now he has toned down more into the similitude of his dam, with the Orlando grace and fashion. Mr. Astley, Alec Taylor, and Gilbert were spectators of the hiring, and his old trainer stood fondly regarding Musket, wishing, doubtless, that he had such another to gladden his heart at Manton, and thinking of the days when he was "ready, aye ready," to undertake the toughest tasks, both in trials at home and races abroad.

The lists of horses in training at their various quarters show some remarkably strong returns from certain establishments, notably those of Heath House and Russley Park; and year by year do the older horses seem to go more quickly to the wall, and the demand for young blood to be more imperative. Lord Falmouth's debutantes are, as usual, full of promise, and rumour is already busy with the names of more than one in the Phantom Cottage team, which bids fair soon to equal the regiment which fought under the tricolour flag a few seasons ago. It is extraordinary how racing seems to flag "down West," for though Bath shows some symptoms of regaining its lost ground, Bristol, which we were told had taken deep root in the affections of its cautious inhabitants, is threatened with extinction, and the Messrs. Frail have resigned the seals of office, and left the meeting to its fate. If the Shrewsbury C.C. feels himself compelled to desert the sinking ship, we may well believe that "all's lost now," for he may be depended upon to have left no stone unturned to ensure success, for which his name is looked upon as a guarantee. But it is of course useless to labour on behalf of an ungrateful people, and the fate of Bristol should be a warning to experimentalisers upon the presumed sporting tastes of an important community. From Highfield Hall we hear that things are prospering, having shaken down into proper working order; and a good many boxes have been secured for strangers within its gates. That Knight of St. Patrick has been a neglected horse since his old Burleigh days, few will be disposed to question; and he comes of a singularly handsome family, the charter of which for good looks he amply sustains, and with average luck he may yet redeem his early promise. The young Cocks of the Walk will crow defiance for the first time this year, and we fancy the last of the Chanticleers has the makings of a better sire about him than his present humble position would seem to indicate.

So it seems we are fated to be "disillusioned" as to the great leap of Chandler after all; and if it will only set the question for ever at rest, some good will have resulted from the exhuming of this *vestata questio*, the answer to which has been stereotyped by every sporting journal as long as the quickest Derby time, or Kitchener's bodily weight. It is extraordinary how the creeping mist of ages envelopes, blurs, and distorts comparatively recent events; and one might imagine that an occurrence within the memory of man should have been chronicled more faithfully. As it is, the facts in connection with this sensation jump have been strangely twisted to suit the fancies of subsequent narrators, and now that we see it in its true light, much of the glamour with which it was wont to be surrounded in our youthful imaginations fades away. That the 39 feet was actually cleared seems firmly established; but so far from the obstacle being a formidable one, it was nothing more than an ordinary fence, and the extra length was made up of prostrate horses, which Chandler managed cleverly to hop over. Such a feat smacks more of ancient Astley's, or modern Sanger's, than the steeplechase field; and we fervently wish that the affair had not been raked up, nor the veil of fancy been torn from our eyes. Anent the so-called "Great

Turf Swindle," we have previously felt it our duty to remark, and now repeat, that the prominence given to it in a certain sporting journal reminds us of the old story of the "ill bird," which we need not do more than allude to. If certain people, outside the pale of racing society, are alleged to have defrauded a lady of rank through the instrumentality of her weakness for betting, how can our national pastime be thereby affected, except indirectly, as affording the readiest opportunities for gambling? Racing has plenty of real shortcomings to answer for without such extraneous delinquencies being imputed to it; and none should shrink from such a course more promptly than those who profess to be jealous of its reputation.

Among breeders there is generally a craze for mares of some particular strain of blood, and an ugly rush is made at those who appear in the private or public sale list. A few years ago the cry was for "Newminster mares," then the Sweetmeats got a turn, and lately the tide of popularity has set in the direction of daughters of Thormanby. The new volume of the Stud book may possibly reveal the names of some younger mares of that family which have given birth to something of note, but so far as our recollection serves us, Holy Friar, Bay Wyndham, King Death, Artemis colt, and Lady Golightly, are the bright particular stars of that galaxy. It is strange that most of the Thormanbys should be cursed with mis-shapen feet, a defect we have observed in nearly all (and they are not a few) which have come under our notice. Normanby had a very ugly club-foot, so had Tomahawk; but in his mares the deformity is still more apparent, and there is scarcely one of them free from the shortcoming of odd feet, the smallest being of the "donkey" order, which of course renders its unlucky possessor a difficult animal to train, and one which can only be served by soft ground. Whether the mighty Russley chestnut was so affected we have not ascertained, but it comes out in his children, and people who look upon the science of training as mere rule of thumb work, do not appreciate the difficulties which lie in imperfect feet formation, to which may be assigned the non-appearance of many a high priced yearling, as well as their indifferent exhibition in public when they are at length brought out. The once notorious Fraulein will, it is reported, be sent to Mortemer, to whose *haras* at Chamant Petition is also bound; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Crawford and Lord Ailesbury will be rewarded for their enterprise by something out of the common. In a few years, perhaps, the practice of sending mares across the Channel may be one of ordinary occurrence, especially if formidable importations of Chamants and Jongleurs continue to be made. SKYLARK.

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

SINCE my last, fuller advices have arrived from the Antipodes anent the Australian cricketers, who appear to have been enjoying themselves much at Adelaide, where they gave the South Australian Twenty-two a rare beating in one innings, with 47 runs to spare, on November 16, 17, and 18. J. Selby was top scorer for the Britishers, with 59; whilst H. Jupp (35) and G. Ulyett (28) were the only other two who obtained double figures—a feat that was not accomplished by a single colonial, the natives being unable to withstand the assaults of Shaw, Emmett, and Armitage, who were well on the mark. Although batting was the only weak point of the Australians, who bowled fairly, and were well up to their duties in the field. The English team seem uncommonly popular, and their fixture list is full up to April 21, when they will start for their native shores; whilst their health, "bar" sea-sickness, has been all that could be desired. I see, by a contemporary, that a movement is on foot to present Mr. W. G. Grace with a testimonial. I do not know whether he needs one; but I think there are many more worthy objects. Still, a presentation of plate would be a suitable testimonial to his merits as a cricketer, although there is something *infra dig.* in the too-frequently accompanying purse of so many guineas.

Last Saturday was for a wonder a fine one, so the devotees of football were enabled to indulge in their favourite sport without the risk of being half drowned or laid up with a confirmed attack of rheumatism. The Hertfordshire Rangers who had so easily defeated the South Norwood by nine goals to love last October, came up to London to give their opponents fair revenge, but the teams were very dissimilar to those that took part in the previous match, and this time the Rangers scored a somewhat unexpected victory by three goals to one, the winners only playing ten men. A return match between the counties of Devon and Somerset at Exeter last week resulted in a victory for the former by a goal and one touch-down to two touches-down, and the North Wales made their first visit to the capital of Hallamshire with the object of retrieving their lost laurels, Sheffield having beaten them on Nov. 18 last by six goals to one, but "Taffy" was more decisively conquered, being beaten this time by seven goals to nil. Besides these, Richmond have played a close game with Ravenscourt Park at Stamford Brook, neither side gaining any perceptible advantage, but their second team suffered their first defeat of the present season at the hands or rather feet of the Old Haileyburians, although they were on their own ground at the Old Deer Park. University College Hospital have beaten the Flamingoes by a goal and a try to nil; St. Thomas Hospital played a draw with Lausanne; Nottingham Forest have defeated Sheffield Wednesday by two goals to one, at the Trent Bridge Grounds; Maidenhead and Ramblers played a draw; a same result occurred between the Brixton and Eaton Rovers, who made a goal each; whilst a third draw took place between the Pilgrims and Upton Park. Yet a fourth equal game was played between Excelsior and Beckenham; Sydenham Hill easily defeated the Old Blues; Woodgrange beat Saxons by three goals to one; and the match between the Wanderers and Old Wykemists, at Lillie-bridge, after a rare game, fell to the Wanderers by three goals to two. Across the Tweed, in the fifth ties for the Scottish Association Challenge Cup, the Vale of Leven, Ayr Thistle, and Rangers were left in, and the last named winning the bye, the other pair played on the Rangers' Ground at Edinburgh, the ground being covered with snow, and the Vale of Leven, who were much the heavier team, won by the large majority of nine goals to love. Several other matches have also been decided that I have no room to notice.

Now that the Varsities have met rowing will assume a more prominent feature in my usual article, and I can already state that the light blues have taken time by the forelock, and practice commenced on the Cam last Tuesday, when the following four went the long course, under the watchful eye of Mr. T. W. Lewis, viz., Fenn, Trinity, bow; Hoskyns, Jesus; Allen, St. Johns; Prest, Jesus, stroke; and G. L. Davis, Clare, cox. Last Saturday the amateur double-sculling match between J. G. Sowerby and S. F.

Prest, against W. Fawcus, and L. Bell, was rowed from the Newcastle A.R. Clubhouse, to the Suspension Bridge, Scotswood, a distance estimated at two miles and a half, and although odds of three to one were laid on the first-named pair, Fawcus and his partner had obtained a lead of nearly a length ere half-a-mile had been covered, and eventually won by about 150 yards. The scullers race for fifty sovs. from Putney Aqueduct to Mortlake, between W. Smith, of Kingston, and J. Coxon, of Surbiton, was rowed last Monday, and once more the talent were out in their reckoning, as although Coxon was made favourite at 6 to 4 on, his opponent's partisans were never tired of putting down their pieces on the Kingston representative, and their confidence was justified by the result, as Smith had it all his own way, the race being virtually over at Hammersmith Bridge, eventually winning, with ridiculous ease, by 47 sec. The loser was piloted about as badly as he possibly could be, but I should always stand the winner under any circumstances. I am sorry, indeed, to have to notice that R. W. Boyd's father has met with a severe accident, having broken his back, and I fear ere these lines appear in print he will have journeyed to that bourne from which there is no return.

Athletics proper, with the exception of cross-country runs, are at present quite at a dead standstill, but on Saturday last the Railway Clearing House Harriers met in friendly rivalry with the Hornsey pack, whom they easily defeated. At Oxford there will, however, be plenty to do shortly, as the men "come up" on Friday, and the bad weather last term caused an innumerable amount of postponements. Four or five fixtures are already on the list, which ere my next will no doubt be considerably augmented.

Professional pedestrianism has also been rather quiet, but on Saturday last Arthur Courtenay, of Barnet, and Arthur Hancock, of Hackney, met at the Star Grounds, Fulham, to walk twenty-five miles for £30, but the Hackney man, although he forced the pace, was done with after completing twenty miles, and pulled up, his antagonist being told that he might stop when had covered 20 miles 1,135 yds. in 3 hrs. 11 min. 5 sec. A brace of events were set for decision the same afternoon at the Prince of Wales Grounds, Bow, viz., a four miles walk and a one mile race, but the proceedings were not such as to induce the spectators to make another journey, as the walkers(?) did pretty well as they pleased, and the running race took place almost in the dark. The walk was concluded on Monday, when "Dick" Harding proved the victor, whilst E. Butler was the successful competitor in the Mile. A delightful contrast was afforded those who went to the St. Helena Gardens, Rotherhithe, where the proprietor, Mr. Thomas Porter, is making great improvements, and this ground is likely to prove a dangerous rival to the other metropolitan enclosures. The attraction was a sprint handicap, the preliminary heats of which provided some close and exciting races, the final being left over, and the concluding heat of Mr. Porter's Quarter of a Mile Handicap thus falling to A. Flaunty (50 yards), who, however, only won by a bare yard. Peter Crosslands, of Sheffield, and D. O'Leary are again matched for £200 to walk 300 miles, starting at the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, on Wednesday, February 28. I fancy the Englishman, but should advise my readers not to meddle with the affair at all. There was a rare old-fashioned match at the Moston Park Grounds, Manchester, on Saturday, when upwards of 1,000 persons assembled to witness a contest between "the old man," as George Walsh is called by his familiars, and J. Lucas, of Bury, the stake being £50, the distance 180 yards, out of which Lucas conceded a start of three yards. The Bury man was supported for a "hatfull" of money, and catching his man twenty yards from home, the veteran tired to nothing, and youth being served, the favourite drew away, and won by a full yard, despite the plucky efforts on the part of the Royston hero. In the provinces the usual handicaps have been decided, but I have not space to particularise them here.

Billiards are now in full swing and I had the pleasure of witnessing a rare match on Monday evening, at Notting-hill, between Joseph Bennett and Louis Kilkenny. The ex-champion, who is evidently getting fit for his money contests later on, had all the best of it until close upon the finish, when the Yorkshireman, who is a rare sticker, gradually overhauled him and won on the pinch by eighteen points. Kilkenny's best runs were 46 (10 spots) 48, 53 (5 spots), 57 (13 spots), 143 (7, 5 and 17 spots), and 81 (26 spots), whilst Joe's largest runs were 75 (9 spots), 75 all round, 61 (4 spots) 50, 30, 53, 7 spots, and 39. On Nov. 13, at Melbourne, whilst playing Mr. Buckingham, at the Athenæum, John Roberts, Jun., gave his opponent 700 in 1000, and beat him by 236, making the largest break he has ever run up in the Antipodes, viz., 462, and scoring game in 1 hour 16 min. W. Cook, the present Champion of England, plays Tom Taylor, at the Gaiety Restaurant, this evening, for £200, giving him 300 points in 1000; and I still fancy Cook, although the talent are supporting Tom to a pretty heavy tune. Taylor plays Joe Bennett, 1000 even, for £200, on Feb. 1, on a championship table, and although I should like for the sake of "auld Lang Syne," to see the ex-champion victorious, those in the know tell me "to stand the younger man;" and as they ought to know, I must needs go against my own mind, and plump for Tom. Fred. Bennett is also going to play Cook, with 300 start in 1,000, on an ordinary table; and matches are pending between Joe Bennett and S. W. Stanley.

Swimming is likely to receive a considerable lift up this year in the metropolitan district, as the originators of the Association are now actively engaged in revising the rules, &c., whilst the old sleepy officials have retired, and not before their time. No one will rejoice more to see matters placed on a firmer basis than

EXON.

STUD NEWS.—Jan. 11th, the Stud Company's Coimbra (dam by Claremont), a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. Arrived at Carnival, Jan. 10th, Mr. W. Cowper Temple's Flower Safety, in foal to Thunderbolt. Jan. 15th, Mr. John Wardell's Lucilla. Arrived to Blue Gown, Jan. 15th, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Victoria Alexandra, in foal to Carnival; ditto, Fairminster, in foal to Lord Lyon. Arrived to George Frederick, Jan. 15th, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Phoebe Athol, in foal to George Frederick; also his mare by Oxford—Valetta, in foal to Albert Victor. Arrived to Caterer, Jan. 15th, Mr. John Wardell's Cygnet; Mr. W. S. Cartwright's mare, by Ely—Garnish, in foal to Albert Victor.

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The following close and name on Tuesday, January 23, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; or to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, London.

FIRST DAY. **HUNT CUP STEEPLECHASE** of 60 sovs. for hunters duly qualified under the Grand National Hunt Rules; 1st each; a winner of a steeplechase value 50 sovs 5lb, of 100 sovs 10lb, twice of 100 sovs or 200 sovs 28lb extra; those that have never won a steeplechase value 20 sovs allowed 14lb; no restriction as to riders; entrance, 3 sovs (to the fund); about three miles. **SOLIHULL STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP** PLATE of 3 sovs each for starters, with 40 sovs added; the winner to be sold by auction for 50 sovs; entrance 2 sovs (to the fund), the only liability for non-starters: about two miles.

SECOND DAY. **OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE** of 3 sovs each for starters with 30 sovs added, for hunters duly qualified under the Grand National Hunt Rules; four year olds 10st 5lb, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 12st; winners of any steeplechase or hurdle race in 1876 or 1877 value 30 sovs to carry 5lb extra, of 50 sovs 10lb extra, two 50 sovs or one 100 sovs 14lb extra, twice of 100 sovs or 200 sovs 21lb extra; horses that have never won a steeple chase or hurdle race value 20 sovs allowed—five year olds 7lb, six and aged 10lb; to be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; entrance 2 sovs (to the fund); about two miles.

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A "BRUSH" FOR A LADY.

I DO not think I am breaking any confidence when I say that the junior member of the eminent firm of Spick, Span, and Co., Wholesale Brushmakers, of Clerkenwell, whose interests I represent in the north of England, having read certain communications of mine to your esteemed and very handsome weekly issue of literature and pictorial art, wrote to me as follows:—

"DEAR —,—Yours to hand. Orders noted. Shall have quick despatch. By-the-bye, as you seem to have many sporting friends, could you get me, in the course of your travels, a *real* fox's brush? I bought what I thought to be one, attached to a bamboo cane, from a man in the city the other day; my wife wanted it for her hat. But it turned out to be an artfully-prepared tail of an Angola tom cat, and she won't wear it. Think of this if you can. Your's truly, —. P.S.—The brush your customer complains of is made of bristles, and not, as he imperitently suggests, of fir or pine needles."

I received the letter at Gateshead, as I was working my way round towards Carlisle; and upon the principle *bis dat qui cito dat* (dis is not nigger phraseology!) I looked about at once to see how I could oblige my esteemed junior principal. I am not a mighty hunter myself, but the landlord of the hotel at which I put up is; and seeing him in his bar-parlour, I casually mentioned, over a glass of whisky-toddy, that I wanted a fox's brush to present to a lady in London. There were two over his mantelpiece, flanking a mask and pads, and pointing to them, he said,

"You should have one of those, but that I put my shoulder out after that on the near side, and fractured my collar-bone after the one on the off. You see I couldn't well part with either, under the circumstances."

"Certainly not," I replied, feelingly. "Besides, I should like a *fresh* one—one that I could say I *saw* taken."

He regarded my figure curiously for a moment, and then asked, "What do you ride?"

"At present," I said, "I don't ride anything, I do all my business by rail."

"Man!" he exclaimed, laughing. "I mean what weight are you in the saddle?"

"Just the same as on foot," I rejoined; "about eleven stone ten."

He laughed again, and then said, "Well, that'll do; I've one that will carry you, if you can stick on."

As no man ever cared to admit that he "could not stick on" a horse or drive a horse, I answered—although, I confess, with some trepidation—that if the horse were an ordinary, quiet animal, I *could* "stick on," and if, by way of further assurance, I instanced a run I once had with the Brighton harriers, when we killed at the very bottom of the Devil's Dyke (at least, the dogs did); and another occasion, when a horse of my uncle's vainly endeavoured to get rid of me in Richmond Park, and then bolted, never stopping till his nose touched Roehampton gate, and the lodge-keeper kindly re-arranged my feet in the stirrups and looked anxiously up the lane after me.

This seemed satisfactory to my host. He took up a local paper, looked at the Hunting Appointments, and then said,

"They meet to-morrow at Thumpington Gate, and will first draw the Chevy covers."

"But," I said, half repenting, "about the horse? Is he quiet, and all that?"

"Tisn't a horse; it's a mare," he replied; "only wants fair hands and a seat. I ride her myself to hounds sometimes, and hack her in the summer."

We had some more toddy, and my host became voluble as to his hunting exploits and mishaps. Addressing a man of delicate nerves, who was to hunt next morning, he might have brought in his dislocated shoulder and his fractured collar-bone less often,

and it might have been better had he not reckoned up, with ghastly particulars, the "capital fellows" he had known in the hunting-field who were now either dead or disabled for life. But he made amends by intoning, rather than singing, a famous hunting song, describing how

O'er Newbiggin pastures like pigeons they flew.

And—after he had had some more toddy—he chanted a queer story about two Yorkshire tykes swopping horses at Stokesley, in which the one, thinking he had got the better of the other by swopping a dead horse, the supposed victim triumphantly declared that his horse was not only "deed" but "fled," and that he was therefore the better by "t' hide and fower shoes."



CLERKS OF THE COURSE.—No. 1. MR. FRAIL.

I then—we had another glass of toddy—told my little story or two, and so on, until the night wore apace.

"By-the-bye," I said, as I left him to retire to rest, "as to a coat? I haven't a cutaway with me."

"Humph," he replied. "Well, I think I can fit you up. Good night."

I went to my chamber. There was a nice fire in it, and I sat down to think. I looked at the fire, and thought. I stirred the fire, and thought. Gradually, as the process of combustion went on, I saw plainly enough in the glowing embers a fox stealing away. The end of the fox's nose fell off, his tail thinned and

curled up, and he was a dog! Then other dogs brightened up behind him. I could see a whole pack running as close as the bunch at the head of a flight of ducks. I poked the fire again, and there, after the blaze had died away, sure enough was a horse, kicking up his heels, with a man cuddling him round the neck. That man seemed very like me! I then recollected that I had not written a note to Spick, Span, and Co., about a shakey customer whose bills were going back. I was not sleepy, and I thought I would write that note then. Addressing it to the junior partner, I wrote:—

"DEAR SIR,—Just heard Squash and Co. not safe. Delay execution order sent yesterday. (*Private and confidential.*) I am going out with the hounds to-morrow. You understand! Everything will be found in perfect order at this (White Antelope), in case not hear from me. Wife has life policy, also accident policies (2). A friend has been good enough to lend me a nice quiet horse—a mare.—Your's truly, —."

I sealed this and put it on the toilet-table. Then I went to bed.

I generally sleep well; commercial travellers mostly do. At hotels they are lulled, perhaps, by a sense of economical advantages not possessed by ordinary men. But—strange!—on this particular night I did not enjoy my usual rest. I dreamt—half-awake; the worst of all dreaming. I was with the hounds in full cry; but they made no progress. Although, apparently, straining every sinew, they were as idle as a painted pack upon a painted pasture! All the hunt, too, seemed going at full speed; but not a man or a horse moved an inch onward. As to myself, I was on a rocking-horse, in my nightshirt, holding on by the mane, stuck fast over a ditch, and vainly trying to conceal my naked legs from the curious gaze of two fair sportswomen who stuck in the air like sentries on either side of me!

The rocking-horse seemed to give me all the discomfort of a jolting movement; but it never stirred, and when I tried to pull the extraordinary creature in, I grasped at nothing and had no power. There was no solid or tangible matter about. All was unsubstantial and in the air. And there was no sound until—

Somebody threw a pair of boots violently at the rocking-horse, and over it went, landing me on the floor by the bedside!

"Past seven o'clock, sir,"

I listened. It was the boots, outside.

"Anything the matter, sir?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes—no—thank you—all right!" I replied, as I picked myself up.

Presently there was a gentle tap at the door.

"Hot water, sir! Anything wrong, sir?"

"Thank you—exactly—no—certainly not," I replied.

I opened the door. There was the hot water, and there were my boots, and a pair of cord breeches and yellow leggings. Thoughtful landlord!

I cut only two small pieces off my chin in shaving, that morning; and this little difficulty I got over by applying a trifle of nap from my Lincoln and Bennett. I breakfasted in the commercial room, put the letter I had written overnight into the delivery-box at the bar window, and took a brief airing under the hotel portico, where I was soon joined by the landlord, who complimented me upon the "fit out" he had so kindly provided.

Just as there seems to be a great moral comfort in gaiters, to young swells and old-fashioned gentlemen, so there seemed to me much moral support in those yellow leggings. I had never worn yellow leggings before. They don't look business like. But they now seemed to do away with that awkwardness in mounting a horse, and that difficulty with the stirrups, which trousers involve to the unaccustomed equestrian. To use a sailor's expression, I felt "taut" in those yellow leggings—"close-hauled," as it were, and able to beat up against obstacles.

My friend, the host of the "White Antelope," came round



IL BARBIERE, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S CUP AT SEVILLE.

presently, mounted on a substantial-looking cocktail, and behind him came—the mare!

She was light, I thought, for me, and the way in which, held by the ostler, she placed her body at right-angles to her leader, did not re-assure me. The ostler, however, rubbed her nose, coaxed her round parallel to the house, and I mounted!

A sudden disposition to gather the reins altogether in a heap, overcame me for a moment, and the queer, creaking noise of a new saddle, added to the idea that the stirrups would presently leave my toes and fly up in the air, rendered my departure by the side of my host less satisfactory than I could have wished. And between not knowing whether I bumped the saddle or the saddle bumped me, and sometimes coming down apparently short, and at other times apparently long, I was induced to reflect—how quick is thought!—that I should scarcely have liked all Rottenrow to be about me that morning! I think I would rather not have been seen, even in Clerkenwell.

But I improved as we went on. A disposition to finger the reins as though I were driving, yielded at last to knocking them in the ordinary manner; and the mare, happy in company with the cocktail, went nicely to cover. Indeed, when we reined up at Thumpington Gate, in company with some thirty or forty others, I was rather inclined to regard a grip and a hedge some three feet high in my immediate neighbourhood, as mere child's play.

The huntsman and whips were moving about among the hounds, capping to the known members of the hunt; and the customary greetings went on, awaiting the arrival of the master. There was a good deal of scarlet, but sober broadcloth prevailed, and there were three ladies, one of whom was, as my host informed me, "a flyer," and had won no end of prizes in jumping contests at agricultural and other shows. She was a thin, pale, light, girl, with hands so small that they seemed scarcely to cover the reins; and yet the chestnut mare she rode—a thoroughbred—would, I thought, have pulled me out of the saddle. Indeed, if the editor of this handsome weekly issue of literature and pictorial art, will allow me to say so, I think she would have been my last nightmare, had I sat where that little woman was.

The master came at length—a spare, fresh-looking, hearty man of many summers. He shook hands with some of those present, and then we all trotted off to Chevy Chase.

My first small difficulty with the quiet mare then arose. Near the cover, a double string of carriages and other conveyances mostly filled the narrow lane we had to pass through. There was, at one time, a complete block, and the more impatient took to the grass on the other side of the hedge; the worthy host said, "Come on!" and in another moment—I had not consented to "come on"—the mare, with me, so far—was after him. I experienced a sensation as though I were on a rocking-chair with four rockers. But I was pleased to find myself safe and on easier ground; and passing the ruck of carriages, a friendly gate let us into the high road again.

Chevy Chase was a thick tall whin, into which the hounds were at once sent, and very soon their tongues proclaimed the presence of the usually retiring gentleman that sporting writers in provincial and some other journals agree to call "Reynard."

Reynard, although at home, did not receive, and, presently, a stray dog or so hunting by himself, came out of cover, disconsolate, and the pack was gradually got together for a new start.

We trotted on for a couple of miles or more, and the hounds were then thrown into the Ditch Plantation, a famous resort, where foxes were scarcely ever known to fail.

There was no doubt or difficulty this time. The cover was small; the fox did not care to be chopped in it, and away he went, plain to view, over a beautiful grass upland, with just a start of perhaps two hundred yards.

It was at this period that I began really to hunt. My host was in advance of me, not sparing his cocktail, and my chestnut mare pulled as though I were nobody. Here, in the first field, I lost my hat; but I held on, and that was all. The mare simply followed her own inclinations, which were eminently of a sporting character, and to my astonishment, when there was a brief check, I found myself up with the hunt!

I must acknowledge it was with no feeling of regret that I also found the mare somewhat blown, and that she stood quietly for a time with her equine friends, until the scent was picked up again. Suddenly, however, the fox was viewed stealing away, being a hedge back, the hounds were laid on, and off we went.

Words would fail to describe what I underwent in that burst. The mare, I think, must have got her second wind. At any rate, she kept up well with the leading horses, and went, literally, "straight." Not having recovered my hat, I had tied my handkerchief round my head, and during a hand-gallop across some soft seeds I could not help—such is the force of a keen and lively imagination—picturing myself as the Wild Horseman of Wandana, in his famous equestrian performance of Being Run Away With!

I had some rebuffs, however. A big, burly man, with a coarse, red face, a kind of rider I have since heard described as a "Welter Weight," inquired if I was a "(sanguinary) lunatic," as he cannoned against me at an open gate. A dapper little swell, all scarlet and necktie, pronounced me a "(doomed) tailor!" and said that the country was "stinking with cads!" But the most unkind cut of all was given to me by one of the whips, who, labouring beside me over a bit of upland plough, touched his cap and said, in perfect confidence, "Why, Lord bless me, sir! am't you in a preppression! Go home, sir, and don't kill yourself—nor yet the chestnut! She's a good sort, but you gen'l'men will put 'em at anything, and break their pore hearts!"

Oh, dear me! If I could only have confided to that whip the truth! I suspect he knew it, and was chaffing me. But could I then and there have said (but I had no breath to say it), "No, Mr. Tally-ho, you are wrong! 'Tis the mare puts me at anything!" I should, in that supreme moment of agony, have felt relieved.

But it was not to be. With the perspiration streaming down my face until I could scarcely see before me, the mare made straight for a low hedge, at a point which the whip seemed to avoid. I let her have her way, and she and I then parted company in the easiest manner. She had jumped into a "pie" of potatoes, stacked and earthed up for winter use. I sat on the fractured edge of that potatoe pie, all among potatoes and straw, for some time, the mare standing quietly, her flanks heaving and her coat in anything but "condition." She was like a lamb now, and let me mount her, until—while I was taking the bearings of the situation—her ears began to work, her eyes to dilate, and—she was off!

The secret was soon out. My gallant steed—is "steed" feminine?—knew far better than myself that the hunt was swinging round in our direction. Don't tell me that the horses themselves don't hunt. They do. My clever chestnut made a slight detour, took a couple of hedges neatly, skirted a spinney, and, lo and behold! there was the fox, with a heavy tail and all the wind out of him, pumped to his last, and the pack only a dozen yards behind him.

I forbear to record in detail the proceedings that followed. They were not such as would be approved of by the Humane Society and Mr. Peter Taylor, M.P. Enough that the deed was done, and the hounds had their meal.

I saw my host of the White Antelope speak to the M.F.H., and I noticed that both smiled, the latter nodding as though in acquiescence.

"Sir," he said, addressing me, and with a tremor about the corners of his mouth that betokened suppressed humour, "I am told that you want a brush, and I think you have earned one for making such a good cast and being so cleverly in at the death. Hand it to the gentleman, Stevens."

The huntsman did as he was desired; a valuable coin of the realm passed between us, and I rode back with the host of the White Antelope to Gateshead. On my way through a pit village I bought a "billycock" hat, and was thus enabled to present a civilised aspect to the southern Tynesiders. As soon as I had washed and changed my apparel I sat down and wrote to my junior principal as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Glad to say been successful. Glorious day's sport. In at death. Presented with brush by Master of Hounds. I send it just as it is—it will want treatment you know—in Brosely pipe box. No one can understand the delights of hunting save he who has had practical experience of them.—Your's truly, —"

In a few days I was duly advised by post, at Carlisle, that the box had safely arrived; and should any of your readers visit the Empress Rink and notice a very blonde, prominent-featured lady, with the most lustrously golden of auriculous hair, and the brush of a magnificent dog-fox in her hat, let him recollect that I was in at the death of the original proprietor—of the brush.

THE TEES TICKLER.

IL BARBIERE, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S CUP AT SEVILLE.

WE are able this week to present our readers with the portrait of the winner of the handsome Silver Cup given by Her Majesty the Ex-Queen of Spain, as a prize for half-bred horses born in Spain, at the late Seville Meeting. "Il Barbieri" was bred near Seville by the Marques del Saltillo, his sire is Eau de Vie, by Zuy der Zee out of Barley Bree, his dam, Caravaca, is by Ali out of a half-bred Spanish mare; Ali being the son of the famous Nedji-Arab Hamdani-Blanc (and a three parts English mare), who was presented to His Majesty Louis Philippe by Mehemet-Ali. Il Barbieri is a bay three-year-old, standing about 15.2, and shows great power and quality. He has proved himself this year to be the best colt in the Peninsula, having started in 21 races (of all distances), of which he won 14, and was placed in the remaining 7. His owner is Mr. R. H. Davies, of Jerez; and Thomas Everett, quondam of Epsom, has steered him in all his races.

CHESS.

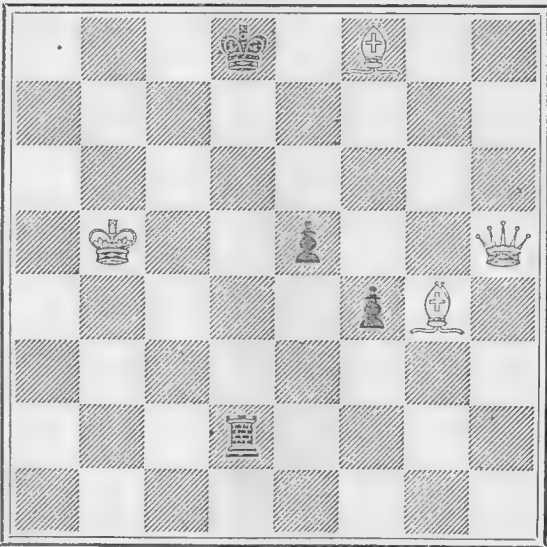
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. B. (Boxford).—Your solution of No. 125 is quite right, although it is not the author's.
S. C. (Edinburgh).—The general reader prefers problems in two, three or four moves. Problems in six moves are "Caviare to the general."
T. H. L. (Eastbourne).—A neat little problem. If found to be correct, it shall be inserted.
K. M. (Inverness).—The game is hardly up to publication standard. It is usual to publish the names of the players.
A. MATTOX (Hereford).—It would be invidious to name any one English player as superior to the others. According to received authorities, Murphy was superior to any of the players of his own or the present day.
J. R. L. (Brompton).—In good time. All the chess circles shall be described, and with rigorous impartiality.
Correct Solutions of Problem No. 125 received from J. B., T. H. L., S. C., Inconstant, R. English, and W. Jameson.
Correct Solutions of Problem No. 126 received from T. H. L., S. C., R. English, W. Jameson, G. Hector and W. Garbutt.

PROBLEM NO. 128.

A COMPETING problem in the American Centennial Tourney:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

A GAME played in the Handicap Tourney now progressing at the City of London Chess Club.

WHITE. Mr. K. (Remove Black's K B P.)	BLACK. Mr. MacDonnell. (Remove Black's K B P.)	WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. MacDonnell.
1. P to K 4	18. P to Kt 6 (d)	P takes P
2. P to Q 4	P to K 3	19. P takes P	Q to Q sq
3. B to Q 3	P to Q B 4 (a)	20. Kt to K R 2	Kt to Q B 3
4. P to Q B 3	P to Q 4	21. P to Q R 4	B takes K P
5. P to K 5	Kt to Q B 3	22. B takes B	K Kt takes B
6. Kt to K B 3 (b)	B to Q 2	23. P to R 5	Kt takes B
7. Castles	P to K Kt 3	24. Q takes Kt	Kt to Q Kt sq
8. B to K 3	Q to Q Kt 3	25. P to R 6 (e)	P takes P
9. P to Q Kt 3	Castles Q R	26. R takes K P (f)	B to Q B 3 (g)
10. Q Kt to Q 2	Kt to K R 3 (c)	27. R takes K P	Kt takes R
11. P takes Q B P	Q to Q B 2	28. R takes B (ch) (h)	K to Kt 2
12. B to Q 4	B to Kt 2	29. Q to Q Kt 5	Q to K sq
13. R to K sq	Q R to K B sq	30. Kt to Kt 3 (i)	Q to K 8 (ch) (j)
14. P to K R 3	Kt to K B 2	31. Kt to K B sq	Q tks K B P (ch)
15. Q to K 2	P to K Kt 4	32. K to R 2	Q to K B 5 (k)
16. P to Q Kt 4	P to K R 4	33. Kt to Kt 3	P to R 5
17. P to K 5	Kt to K 2	34. R to Q B 7 (ch)	K to Kt sq (l)

- (a) The safest defence to adopt in this opening.
(b) Q to K R 5, checking, is the best mode of continuing the attack, and then, after he has castled the K R, he ought to bring out all the Queen's pieces and their respective pawns.
(c) This loses a pawn; but it seems necessary to the development of Black's forces. Moreover, White, by seizing the proffered booty, greatly enfeebles his K P, if, indeed, he did not render it impossible for him to preserve it without loss.
(d) Very bold, and very correct play, too.
(e) A brilliant stroke, which no one but a very experienced player could have parried; it is obvious that Kt takes P would have resulted in immediate ruin.
(f) A showy move; but not the soundest. Young players should learn to consolidate their forces before they precipitate them upon the enemy.
(g) Black now "foils" his "foe's" rage with steady skill, and rushes on to the victory which, even here, he discerned "looming in the distance."
(h) It matters not which piece he takes. "He must die."
(i) "Hope springs eternal," &c.;
(j) but Queens are sad destroyers of hopes.
(k) The end. Game, including the last eleven moves, is very fine and full of interest.

HEATHERTHORP.*

A SPORTING STORY.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

CHAPTER I.

TREATS SLIGHTLY OF THE TOWN, AND INTRODUCES THE BARBER, THE DOCTOR, AND THE DOCTOR'S MAN: ALSO DESCRIBES AN IRREGULAR MATCH ACROSS COUNTRY.

AT Heatherthorp Progress stands still. A queer, quaint, many-gabled, thatched-roofed old town in one of the Ridings of Yorkshire, it had fallen into utter nothingness, when Geordie Stephenson's wonderful locomotive hissed down The Coach, but for the love of all kinds of wholesome sport which most of the year round kept the healthy inhabitants of the place fresh and lively. Heatherthorp was a racing and cricketing town in that hot time when the shibboleth of the Radicals was "Old Sarum!" it is a sporting town, *pur et simple*, at this present writing, Manchester and manhood suffrage notwithstanding.

Yet, as may be divined, politics and polemics have never been altogether absent from Heatherthorp. Its tone, as besems an old-world settlement which grows everything—down to the grass of its painfully paven and precipitous streets—and confines its manufactures to articles easily "consumed on the premises," is Tory out-and-out. The few Quakers who abide in pretty semi-detached villas at Heatherthorp, for the sake of its salubrity, are a mild disturbance to its quiet—but so mild that their most violent demonstrations blend, so to speak, with the habitual demeanour of the town, exactly in the way a cawing rookery adds to the calm of a summer's eve. Those same Quakers cause awakening tracts to be distributed at the summer races held once a year on the adjacent moor; they suffer annually (or did suffer) in their goods and chattels, at the shrine of Mother Church; and they take the chair, in the person of their great gun—may you call a follower of George Fox a great gun?—at certain anti-capital punishment and irrepressible 'nigger meetings which are periodically held in a conventicle, the like of which for downright ugliness was perhaps never beheld. But even their great gun, prim and precise Nathan Barjona, is a Conservative. Especially in respect of his wine. With those fortunate creatures who have made the acquaintance of the unparalleled liquor, his port is a proverb. A former Chancellor of the Exchequer is one of Nathan's idols, but there is a limit to all idolatry. Nathan's stops at Gladstonian claret.

Progress, like poverty, meets with strange bedfellows. The person who daily takes Heatherthorp by the nose, and keeps its locks fashionably trimmed, is "Mr. Daniel Essom, Hairdresser and Hatter—Schools contracted for." He is variously known as "Mr. Essom," "Friend Daniel," and "Little Dan," and is a marvel. He is a barber of the conventional type, in so far that he is brisk, dapper, oily, pragmatical—but he is Yorkshire—has dwelt in cities—and habitually enunciates his opinions without fear or favour. He loves a bit of racing; he revels in the study of a complicated handicap; he has strong views on the breeding of blood stock and greyhounds; he bets;—but why attempt the vain task of enumerating his many other characteristics? By dint of attending the Fleet-street forums an entire season, when he was a very young man, he picked up Radicalism, learnt to talk political economy, and to rail against church rates. Queer things to shake hands—Racing and Radicalism; but in Daniel Essom's regard they were equal, and their community produced an eccentric result. His shop has always been the Tattersall's of Heatherthorp, thither flocking a racing *clientèle*, to rub shoulders with the parochially disaffected, the hungerers and thirsters after political emancipation, and the putters-down of church rates.

One of his sturdiest friends was Barjona, and yet the two opponents (the poles could not be wider asunder) seldom parted company without breaking a lance on the subject of racing. When Sir Harry Sursingle's bay colt Lightning (by Meteor out of Electricity) landed the Derby—Sir Harry is Tory Member for the Riding of which Heatherthorp is a not unimportant parliamentary morsel—the vicar, who, it was subsequently whispered, smelt a rat, was quietly got out of the way, "to visit a distant parishioner," and a celebrated society of change-ringers hurriedly bidden to Heatherthorp to startle hill and dale with clanging, if not musical, news of the colt's victory. The grey steeple of St. Martin-the-less fairly shook again as the ringers, specially primed for the occasion, "rang a peal of grandsire trebles consisting of 1867 changes"—for so the jolly clamour was described in the succeeding Saturday's "Bell"—and "the grandsire trebles" were at their very loudest, when Nathan Barjona entered the shop of Mr. Daniel Essom. He was on his way to "Meeting." It is perhaps unnecessary to observe that Essom had almost abjured suds that day, and devoted the greater part of it to sherry and Lightning.

"Daniel," said Nathan, "I'll trouble thee to shave me, if"—looking the operator's unusually bland and rosy visage curiously over—"thy feelings will permit thee."

"D—, that is, never mind my feelings, Mr. Barjona," brusquely replied Daniel, somewhat nettled at the quiet tone of sarcasm adopted by the querist, "I can shave, sir," tying a cloth somewhat roughly round his patient's throat, "I can shave, sir, and, what is more, I have 'a nerve of iron—of iron, sir," giving the cloth an additional twist.

"Doubtless," replied the Quaker, who was nearly choking, "thy muscles resemble the metal in question; but, unless thou desirest to be guilty of strangulation, exercise more care."

"Oh! it's all right," rejoined Dan.

He commenced the saponaceous process. Presently the dialogue was resumed.

"Art thou aware of the meaning of this unseemly clamour at the steeple-house?"

"No."

"Has the parson been made a bishop?"

"Not that I know of."

"Is—do b-be less lavish of thy lather, Daniel—is the vicar about to journey to another portion of the vineyard, where the grapes hang in thicker clusters?"

"Can't say," replied Daniel, shortly, beginning to strop a razor with exemplary fury.

"Thou art strangely obtuse this evening, friend Daniel."

"Well, then," observed Daniel, speaking with great deliberation, as he proceeded to scrape his pertinacious interrogator's chin, "you remember, I dare say, that your principal objection to the rates last year was—pray don't speak, or I shall cut you—was about the money paid to the ringers. You properly contended it was an illegal outlay, or, if legal, not fairly earned. Very good; those musicians are afraid you may repeat your objection at the next vestry meeting, and they have met to-night to rattle off all arrears. They don't expect to get through till midnight! You reside near the church —"

The Quaker could stand it no longer, but, hastily wiping his face, rushed from the shop.

"I think I had him there," soliloquised Dan, as he watched Nathan on his way to Meeting. "The old codger is sound

* What may be termed the original draft of this story appeared in *Baily's Magazine* some time since under a different title. The author takes this opportunity of thanking Mr. Baily for his courteous permission to republish.

enough on some points; but he never will understand what it is to land a 50 to 1 chance. Lightning, my boy, I never fancied your owner; but—you're a beauty!"

Our former doctor was a comely yet majestic specimen of an old-fashioned medical man. Mr. John Blake, M.D., had managed, during many years' residence amongst us, to accumulate a handsome fortune. Wearing of harness towards the close of a quiet and comfortable career, he, after holding solemn discussions with his two maiden sisters daily for something like twelve months, arrived at the conclusion that it was high time for him to retire. It cost the genial old gentleman no little regret to abandon patients who, with some rare exceptions, were personal friends; and, on the other hand, the patients themselves were nearly inconsolable when they heard of his approaching departure. For he was not only about to give up the practice, but likewise leave the town—"for good." A wish to renew amicable intercourse with a hitherto alienated branch of his family, and a desire to extend his researches in entomology (he was a mighty hunter of beetles and butterflies), caused him to select for his future home a comfortable residence on the borders of the New Forest. Yet, the question passed from lip to lip, why leave Heatherthorp at all? It is possible that but for old Barjona's beeswing, the principal reason for his bidding adieu to a place so dear to him would have for ever remained a mystery. Over the mahogany of that worthy member of the Society of Friends, Doctor Blake revealed the secret.

"You see," observed he, after a silent space in their serious after-dinner chat, "my ways are rusty and old-fashioned. I have led the humdrum life of a mill horse for too many years to alter my pace now; and what is more, I cannot complacently brook the rapid rate at which people travel nowadays. I long for mental as well as bodily rest. The age is too much in a hurry, Barjona, and I grieve, to say that the honourable profession to which I belong is to some extent under its demoralising influence; therefore——"

"But what has all this rigmarole to do with thy leaving Heatherthorp? thou has' some bee i' thy bonnet, John Blake," sharply interrupted the Quaker.

"No bee at all, no bee at all, I assure you; but I am troubled."

"And thy concern is about——"

"My successor, Barjona. There, you know all. It is needful he be a young man—for Robson, my assistant, who stipulates to be turned over with the practice, is getting rather tottery,—and being a youngster, he is sure to have theories. I know: they all have. Why, Barjona, if I remained, his new-fangled notions would be the death of me. Fancy a mesmerist, or a spirit-rapper, or a teetotaller, or a believer in odic force, or a dabbler in homoeopathy filling my shoes! The idea is horrible. There is no help for it. I must go." After another brief period of silence, which the Quaker sedately abstained from disturbing, the Doctor, in tones of resignation, resumed—

"I have arranged to be fairly away before he arrives; yet, if——" and a gleam of comfort irradiated the old gentleman's countenance, "as my London agents inform me, he has sporting tendencies, all may yet be well."

"Sporting tendencies, John Blake!" exclaimed the Quaker, "thou art surely mad."

"No, I am not; I am very sane indeed. Not a great sportsman myself, I have sense enough to know that a man who can go tolerably straight across country, handle a gun, or take his part in the cricket-field, will not waste his time over moonshine theories. Heatherthorp is safe, if my successor—whom I am credibly informed is a man of undoubted ability—be likewise a sportsman."

It would be mockery to observe that Friend Barjona was horrified; but that mattered little to the Doctor, who, in due time took his departure, and, as the practice of presenting testimonials was yet uncommon, we refrained from claret jugs, tea-services, and ornolu clocks. When he was gone, the name of his successor was imparted unto Heatherthorp, and, as gossips in little country towns have a wonderful knack of putting this and that together, a great many airy castles of conjecture thereupon sprang into existence. At the bar-parlour of the Sursingle Arms, one cold night towards the end of March, there was a general comparison of notes, and the decision arrived at, after a copious consumption of ardent spirits, was startling indeed.

Doctor Sutton, the new doctor, had "sporting tendencies." He had written to Martin Sillery, the landlord, and had engaged two loose boxes; he had corresponded with Daniel Essom with a view to being enrolled a member of the H. C. C. without loss of time; and, it was further ill-naturedly said, although he was now a very capable medical man, he had, before a cloud overcast the fortunes of his family in Smokelandshire, been the most extravagant and rascally scamp of his college. He was expected at Heatherthorp on the following day.

According to *Bradshaw's Guide*, Heatherthorp Station is geographically identical with the town of that name. In reality, it is four miles distant. On the afternoon succeeding the evening just mentioned, two passengers alighted from the only express train which stops at the station—the younger and taller was Doctor Sutton; the elder and shorter, his man, Matthew Crisp. While Crisp attended to his master's luggage, the Doctor himself sauntered to a siding where a couple of hunters were being released from a horse-box.

Doctor Sutton, the hero of this story (for we may as well make a clean breast about that), would have been considered handsome in a crowd of good-looking fellows of the grey-eyed, fair-haired type of British gentlemen, albeit there was nothing about him that suggested either an antique Apollo or a modern guardsman. Standing upwards of five feet ten, and riding something like eleven stone, he looked, from the crown of a head, well set upon serviceable shoulders, to the sole of a true-shaped, useful foot, as rare a man as one need wish to meet.

"I shall ride Kelpie into the town, Matthew (I presume the imaginative inhabitants call it a town?), and when you have seen to the disposition of the luggage, follow with the mare."

"All right, Mr. Arthur," replied Matthew, in the confidently familiar tone of a favourite dependent.

Kelpie, a splendid bay gelding, with black points, looked, after Matthew had removed his travelling gear, and put him through a hasty toilet, the picture of what he really was—

A hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,
A regular thoroughbred Irish horse!

one that a lady might guide with a thread of silk, or a Jack Mytton put at "anything in reason"—or out of it.

Rewarding the porter with a douceur of alarming extent—for Heatherthorp, Doctor Sutton leaped into the saddle, and Kelpie trotted off in the direction of the town.

"Nice bit of blood, that," sententiously observed the porter, as he assisted Crisp out with the luggage.

"Which?"

"Why, either, for the matter o' that," replied the porter, gratefully recollecting the Doctor's douceur.

"Young man," said Crisp, gravely putting down a heavy portmanteau, to add to the impressiveness of his remarks, "mak' no mistake about that. Bit o' blood! I should think they were! They're equal; boss and rider. I've known 'em—Look here, I've known 'em ever since they was foals! Bless your 'art, there's no more vice in 'em than there's—civility in the driver of this 'ere 'bus."

A somewhat cutting figure of speech, provoked by the driver's impatiently "wishing to know when he was to get back to He'thorp?"

Crisp mounted the mare, and went off at a gentle canter in pursuit of his master. One of those sunsets which sometimes grace the lamblike temper of March was flooding the heathy moor with rosy light. Crisp, however, had no eye for the Beautiful, and his habitually sour nature had by no means been mollified by a wordy encounter with the driver of the Sursingle 'bus. So he rode on moodily. In time, this cross mood gave place to another, rather more complaisant. He was hungry—anger may be provocative of peckishness—and a glimpse of the sinuous Wimple, gleaming like a fiery serpent from amid the dun-green verdure, oddly enough, chimed with his humour. His thoughts wandered to "March browns" and a dish of savoury trout. When he reached the brow of a hill which commanded a view of a considerable portion of Sir Harry Sursingle's demesne, his amiability, intensified no doubt by his gradual approach to Heatherthorp, and the consequently nearer neighbourhood of dinner, had increased to such an extent, that he actually broke out into a soliloquy. Like all such exercises in real life, and none on the stage, it was divertingly incoherent.

"Should not care to drive a machine along this road at night in the middle of winter; rum line of country to hunt, Mr. Arthur, if you have time to put on pink again, my lad, and if you ha'n't, you'll make time I'll bet; breeding will be served. There's nowt sae true as that—breeding will be served.—Sir Harry's place, I suppose: lots of cover under them red roofs for a fellow gov'ment wanted to shorten by a head; shouldn't wonder but its been used for cover too, in the jolly old days when a christian couldn't call his life his own for ten minutes together. Fine grounds and lots of timber, and something like a slope to the river side; but, Lord, everywhere else the banks are deuced ugly—like 'cliffs a'most."

He then glanced in the opposite direction.

"New place—wonder who lives there—Sir Harry's neighbour, old Wilson, I suppose. I heard he was living about here, worth a sight o' money, but when he first came into Smokelandshire—— Well, Mr. Arthur, if so be you have to doctor the whole country-side, it won't be Widow Malone that'll stand the work. Will it, old lady?"

As the old lady did not vouchsafe a reply, Crisp was about to resume his journey, when, looking forward, he suddenly pulled up, and in an agitated tone gave vent to an ejaculation which would not look pretty in print.

Only near the two mansions which had attracted Crisp's attention had any attempt been made to carry the smoothness of landscape gardening down to the river's brink; elsewhere, as he had forcibly put it, the sides of the moorland stream were "deuced ugly."

At the foot of the hill stood a bridge which spanned the Wimple; beyond this, winding away to the left, stretched the road to Heatherthorp, engirt on each side with a wall of loose stones. But one portion of the hard-featured turnpike, from the bridge to a point about a quarter of a mile beyond, was relieved by trees, a clump of Scotch firs. Thence, to the visible extremity of the road, there was nothing but the naked stone wall, the boundary of a huge piece of moorland, almost as destitute of vegetation as the wall itself. About a mile to the right of the road stood a second stone wall, which, parallel with the first, terminated at the roughest, steepest, and most dangerous part of the Wimple side, a cliff-like bank, shaggy at the top as a lion's mane, perforated with rabbit-holes, and patched here and there with bunches of whins and bracken.

Well might Matthew Crisp be terrified out of his habitual stolidity! Well might he wriggle nervously in the saddle, breathe short, talk to himself in hoarse whispers, and otherwise act like one posset! Well might he shift his glance hurriedly from the furthestmost point of the road to the ugly bit of bank-side! He saw a young lady, mounted on a chestnut horse, charge the stone wall, and then tear along at a fearful pace, and as straight as a gun-barrel in the direction of the bank just mentioned. She was evidently a clever horsewoman, but mere skill could avail her little with a steed that was superior to all control. Only the remote chance of the maddened horse's shying again, and swerving out of the course he was then taking, would save her from being dashed over the bank.

She held on bravely, and poor Matthew, apparently the sole spectator of her peril, broke into a cold sweat. Presently silent horror changed to the wildest excitement as he caught sight of another equestrian, who, likewise leaping the stone wall a little beyond the first, swept on in the same direction as the runaway.

"Mr. Arthur, by G—!" he ejaculated, in a sort of subdued shriek. "And going it like a house a fire. Haud on, man—haud on! Kelpie's short of work. He'll never stay at that pace. My dear boy, nobbut be careful. But it is a pound to a penny that Kelp outstrips that chestnut. Pick your ground, Mr. Arthur, and——"

Matthew Crisp, out of breath with agony, said no more. The crisis of that terribly earnest match was at hand. By leaping the obstacle at the point which he had chosen, the Doctor had secured the best of the going. Kelpie and the frightened chestnut were lying wide of each other, each converging to the same point, and the Doctor improving his position at every stride.

It was a splendid struggle across country, and the prize—a woman's life! The Doctor had a briefer distance to cover than his companion in peril; but that advantage was neutralised by the nature of the ground. Whilst the chestnut was thundering away down-hill, he for a few strides had to pound along against the collar. Here the splendid powers of Kelpie were made manifest. The gallant gelding charged the hill with a resolution that might have been human, and Crisp's prediction that he would "out-stride that chestnut" seemed more than probable.

The sun, setting redly behind Sursingle Manor, shed its last rays on the exciting scene. More apparent to the Doctor than to Matthew (often and often the Doctor talked of it afterwards) was the white rigidity of the girl's face; and striking to him, notwithstanding the awful whirl of the moment, was the grace of her seat, as horse and rider, clear and distinct as a silhouette against the warm sky were lit up by the farewell rays of the March sun.

On went the two horses stride for stride, until they came to a point where the chestnut must either take the second stone wall or be hurled over the bank. Crisp ground his teeth in the agony of his suspense.

A shout ran through the air—it was his master's voice; he saw the Doctor lift his whip—once, twice, thrice—he was intuitively conscious, although he could not make it out, that the persuaders were being simultaneously applied; he saw that Kelpie responded gamely to the cruel but necessary punishment; and, in one moment more, he knew that the experiment had been triumphantly successful, the chestnut swerving had safely charged the wall, with Kelpie by his side.

"O Lord! O Lord!" groaned Crisp, with a great sigh of relief; "they had precious little to spare."

Doctor Sutton had won the match. But did the victory bring no ache with it? He had saved the life of lovely Kate Wilson, sole daughter of the retired ironmaster. He, journeying soberly to Heatherthorp, on quietly professional thoughts intent, had probably met his fate. We shall see.

The reader has surely filled in the sketch. If he has failed, I cannot hope to succeed in painting bonny Kate's portrait. But he

is unable to flatter her, nevertheless. He may dimly imagine the graceful abandon of her beauty when the Doctor received her—sunny hair dishevelled and hazel eyes closed—fainting in his arms. He may even imagine the quiet ride home in the gloaming; but he cannot supply all the hiatus. How should he?

That night, while Matthew, who would not trust the awful responsibility to meaner hands, did up the hunters, he gave vent to his feelings.

"Sssss—it's all over, Kelpie, old boy. You have got a mistress. Mr. Arthur is settled for good and all. Sssss—when a big fellow of thirty-two speaks soft to a woman, and blushes and looks awkward like a schoolboy—Sssss—it don't require a oracle to tell how the wind blows. Sssss—and she—ssss—she's a beauty, a picher, but, by George, she's artful. I heard her—over 'oss—I heard her. 'You call him Kelpie, Mr. Sutton. Kelpie's a kind of fairy, is it not? What a pretty name for a 'oss.'—Sssss—'Dear old Kelpie!' If ever Mr. Arthur wished himself a 'oss' it was then. 'Dear old Kelpie,' says she, 'you helped to save my life, and we must be friends.' AND THEY WILL. And he, poor fellow, looked delighted; he could not see, she was sentencing him to transportation for life wi' that rosy neb of hers. Ah! well, it might be a deal worse—over 'oss."

Dr. Sutton had won his match across country. And—had not she?

[To be continued.]

ROTUNDA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

THE Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, of which we give some illustrations, occupies a position almost unique among provincial theatres. It is situated in the northern portion of Liverpool, and nearly two miles away from the centre of the town and the other theatres, yet there is not one which commands more patronage all the year round, or can attract more regular and enthusiastic audiences. It is situated in the very heart of a populous district, inhabited chiefly by artisans and tradesmen connected with the shipping interest, and is regarded as essentially "the theatre of the people," but it is mainly owing to the spirited and peculiar policy pursued by the sole proprietor, Mr. Denis Grannell, that it is probably the most prosperous of all the Liverpool dramatic temples. Here Shakspeare, so far from spelling bankruptcy, means financial as well as dramatic success. The special reputation of the Liverpool Rotunda has been gained by the fact that for some years past, with the exception of the pantomime season, which usually outlasts that at all the other theatres, Shakspeare and the high "legitimate" drama have been steadily cultivated with triumphant results from every point of view. Will it be readily credited that, under such liberal and high-spirited management, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* have run for four weeks and three weeks respectively, and been revived, after short intervals, with almost as lengthy continuance; that entire seasons have been taken up with a succession of high-class dramas and comedies, such as *As You Like It*, and *The School for Scandal*, each occupying the boards for at least a fortnight, and being regularly reproduced. Mr. Grannell has not only educated the tastes of his audience up to the highest standard, but can boast of being the manager who has popularised Shakspeare, Sheridan, Sheridan Knowles, and the "legitimate" dramatists more consistently, and with more continued success than any other provincial caterer. All the productions are staged with the utmost care, taste, and liberality in every department, good stock companies being retained the whole year round, and the utmost attention bestowed upon all details, while the front of the house is allowed to be conducted with the strictest order, befitting the high character of the stage presentations.

The Rotunda has gradually grown to its present dimensions (being now capable of holding over 2,000 persons) through a succession of additions and alterations, made by Mr. Grannell as he found its popularity and patrons increase. Pantomime is here made an annual specialty, and invariably ensures a run of ten or eleven weeks of exceptionally good business. Mr. Grannell has produced seven pantomimes in succession, his author for five years past being Mr. John F. McArdle, who also caters this season for two of the other leading houses in Liverpool, for Mr. Grannell's theatre in Birkenhead (the Prince of Wales), for Mr. Rice at Covent Garden, and for some half-a-dozen other theatres in Glasgow, Leicester, &c. The subject this year is *Aladdin*; of the principal procession-scene in which we supply an engraving, and, judging by its popularity up to the present time, it bids fair to surpass the success of the six previous pantomimes at this house. The principals are Miss Lizzie Willmore (erewhile the hero at Drury Lane), Miss Kissie Wood, and Messrs. Mansell and Macpherson. The entire stage and musical arrangements of this theatre, including the ambitious Shakspearean, as well as elaborate pantomimic productions, are under the immediate direction of Mr. Charles Wood, while the maintenance of the strictest order and comfort of the usually well-packed audiences is entrusted to Mr. N. Keating, who has been for some years Mr. Grannell's business manager.

THE *Birmingham Gazette's* Leamington correspondent writes: "Great regret is felt in this town and throughout the district at Mr. Lant having intimated his intention of resigning the mastership of the above crack pack. A capital sportsman, he has maintained an admirable establishment, and done his utmost to show sport. It is said that his efforts have not been seconded and appreciated as they ought to have been. It is hoped that the very many good sportsmen who are satisfied with Mr. Lant's management will unite in presenting him with some substantial token of their esteem; and that the presentation, like those to his predecessors, will be made at a hunt dinner."

THAT the theatrical annual called Christmas Pantomime has in this day assumed a magnitude and magnificence undreamt of by our grandfathers, and that it involves a variety of industrial activities they never could have speculated upon, are facts no one is likely to gainsay. Whether the playgoer, juvenile or mature, for whom the entertainment is provided, manages in these days to extract as much hearty enjoyment from it as did his erewhile representative from the less elaborate pantomimes of former generations, is, however, another question. We venture to say he does not. And in so saying, we by no means echo the hackneyed growl of the journalistic "Old playgoer," who is with such charming regularity trotted out at this season of the year to say, "Ah! my young friend, you may think all this very fine, but you should have seen so and so when George III. was king." We speak from a strictly modern standpoint. Although, as the poet sings, we may be "heir to all the ages," yet our vast inheritance does not greatly burden us. We are altogether concerned in what goes forward in the "foremost ranks of Time." And we feel quite convinced that the contemporary theatre-goer, amidst all his superior advantages, is infinitely harder to gratify than were his predecessors of any bygone period.—*Mayfair*.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill London.—[Adv't.]

The Ballroom.



Ball room
usually to be found near the door

You're on my dress sir!

Shew of despair. "Oh where's my dress?"

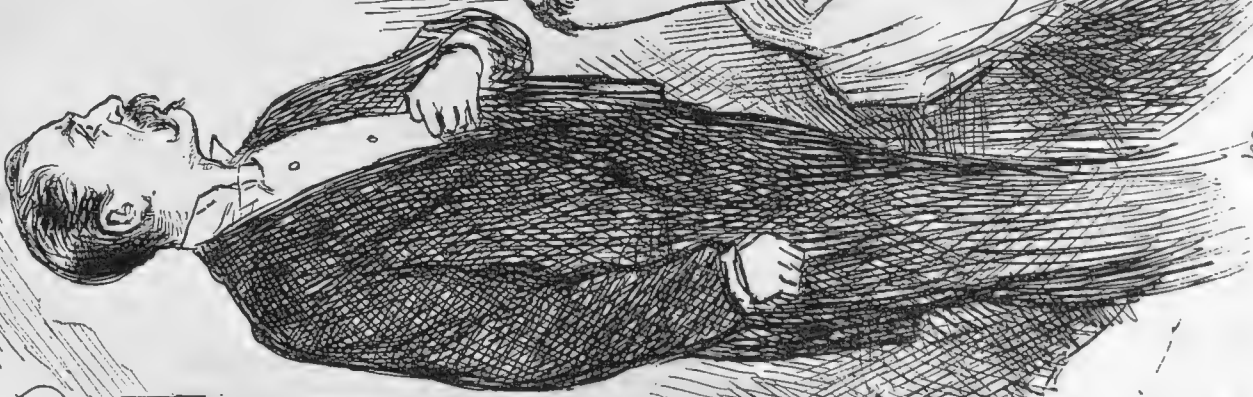
See the
the dress
the dress



One who refused to be
father



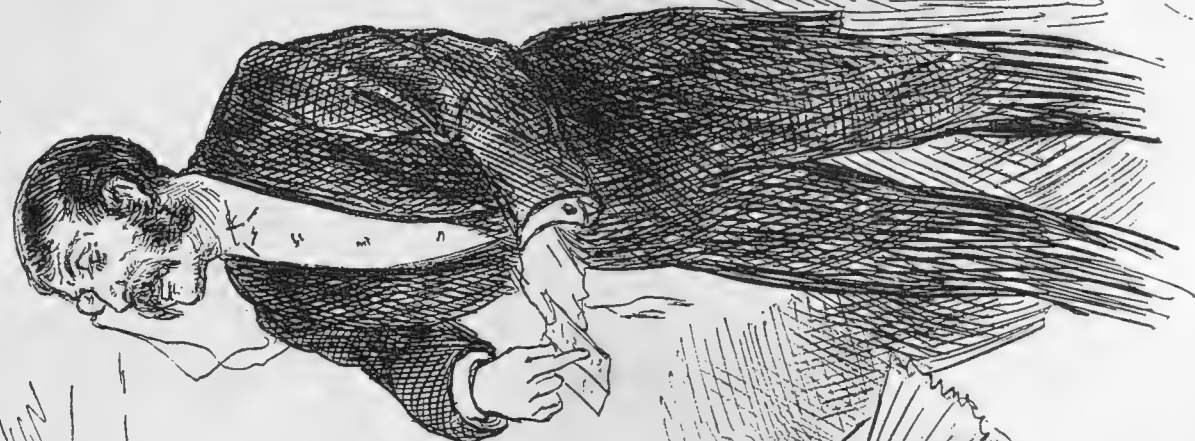
In the conservatory - at beauty's feet -



Down Wilson



War!



Proof positive - There



Trying to look serious

Grateful



OUI DIRE.

MR. PEEL, the owner of Chandler, in a letter to the *Sportsman*, at one and the same time disperses a number of errors prevalent as to the big jump of the remarkable steeplechaser Chandler, and in the following words give a full description of that extraordinary event:—"Chandler," he says, "was bred by Sir Edward Scott, who resided at Great Barr, near Birmingham, and was got by Dr. Faustus (who belonged to Mr. Edmund Peel, of Bonehill House), out of a mare as nearly thoroughbred as possible, the property of the well-known veterinary surgeon, Mr. Robinson, who died a few years back. He was purchased from Sir Edward Scott by Mr. Wilkins, of Sutton Coldfield, a Chandler by trade, from which cause the horse derived his name. He then became the property of Mr. Garnett, of Moore Hall, who drove him in his gig, and I have, on more than one occasion, sat behind him on my way to cover. I became more intimately acquainted with this very good horse owing to the animal I had intended riding on a particular day (when the hounds met in the neighbourhood of Moore Hall) falling lame, and I was kindly asked to get on Chandler. I very soon discovered I was on the back of something 'quite out of the common,' and he was very shortly afterwards, at a ridiculously small sum, transferred to my stable. After hunting him for three seasons, during which he never once put his foot in the wrong place, or appeared to be galloping, however fast hounds might go, I entered him for the Birmingham Annual Steeplechase, for which he had only a fortnight's preparation at Hednesford. The winner of the race was to be sold for £300, and solely in consequence of an accident caused by another horse, and which occurred close at home, I was fortunately defeated by a horse called Richard I., but only by the length of a racing whip. His next appearance was at Warwick, on which occasion he made the sensational jump (so often referred to), and for himself a name which appears not unlikely to live for some years. I was myself prevented from riding him owing to the death of a relative, which occurred the morning of the race. Capt. Brooke, on whose horse, Eagle, I had the previous week won the Leamington Annual Steeplechase, promised to ride him for me, and I sent to him my jacket and cap. He, however, at the last moment declined to get up, his nerves having been disturbed by witnessing several horses tumble about in the race which preceded the one in which Chandler was engaged, thus leaving me without a jockey. After some persuasion I induced Mr. Bruce to give up Capt. Broadley, who was engaged to ride his horse Sir William. The statement that the 39ft. was over hurdles is altogether a mistake; it was over a small brook at the bottom of the well-known hill on the Warwick racecourse, and the extra exertion was called for to enable him to clear the seven or eight horses which had come to grief immediately before him. Chandler's subsequent performances are known and recorded."

THE state of things theatrical in York, says a contemporary, is at the present moment very peculiar. There is but one theatre, and there are two claimants for its ownership. There is but one license to perform stage-plays in the building, and it is made out in the name of the first claimant, who does not happen to be in possession. The consequence has been that "The Man in Possession" has been twice hauled up before the magistrates for performing stage-play without a license, and has been twice fined. If the business ended here, it might not be so very strange; but the fact is, that the engagements recently fulfilled in the now charming theatre of York—I am not speaking of its antique semi-sacred exterior—were all made by the claimant who holds the license, yet is not at liberty to perform in any other building in the City. In a few days a new license may be legally asked for, and should it be granted to the claimant in possession, who may be afterwards unable to prove his rightful ownership of the theatre, he will hold the power of performance whilst the second claimant may obtain possession of the building.

THE same contemporary remarks, Masonry seems to be popular behind the footlights. In a very distinguished dramatic and literary lodge, Mr. Hare has just been received into the mystic craft, and Mr. Toole is to be balloted for at the next meeting. Mr. B. Webster, Mr. Chatterton, Mr. James, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. John Clark, Mr. W. H. Kendall, Mr. Charles Harcourt, Mr. Arthur Swanborough, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Andrew Halliday, Mr. C. Milward, Mr. H. J. Byron, Mr. Jas. Albery, and Mr. Charles Dickens, are all Masons, and the majority of them belong to the lodge alluded to.

Mayfair, in an article called "The Bankruptcy of the Turf," says:—"If we were to judge of the Turf by the appearance of the *Racing Calendar*, we could come to no other conclusion than that at no time was it so prosperous as during the past decade. There is, however, too much reason to believe that this prosperity is more apparent than real, and never did the late Lord Derby's words, used in his memorable letter to the Jockey Club, to the effect that an increase in the number of race meetings or of the horses running by no means proved that there was an increase of prosperity, appear more applicable than now. The sporting journals draw roseate pictures of the present condition of the Turf; sporting men speak dimly of its present and despondingly of its future. The great cry is that "there is no money," and there can be no question that, with a very few exceptions, the members of the betting-ring are in a hopeless state of insolvency. It is a popular fallacy to suppose that when a man takes to himself a betting-book and a pencil, and bawls out the odds, the time must come when he will be a Cæsar. We all know, that if a party were to sit down to loo, and it were to be the rule for the winner of a pool to pay a certain sum to 'Kitty,' play long enough, and 'Kitty' would have all the money there was at the table. The game of racing, as at present carried on, is very similar in its results. Railway fares, hotel bills, carriage hire, training, jockeys, corn, and other items, combine to make a most formidable 'Kitty.' From the way some men offer to bet their thousands, one might suppose they had the Bank of England to fall back upon, and yet, in reality, they do not know where to look for a one hundred pound note wherewith to meet their domestic expenses. The days of bookmakers are very different from what they were when John Gully left the ring for the House of Commons and Harry Hill, Hargreaves, and Davis made fortunes. And the habits of bookmakers are also widely different. Forty or fifty years ago a bookmaker rarely spent more than a pound a day; now he lives like Lucullus. He has his wine dry, is very particular as to his turtle, and uses loud language if his grapes did not grow in a hot-house. The more humble his origin the more extravagant will be his style of living. Let half-a-dozen members of the Jockey Club go to a race town and half-a-dozen bookmakers, and it is ten to one that the hotel bill of the betting fraternity will be twenty-five per cent. or more in excess of that of the patricians. We recollect on one occasion a dinner party being given by one set of bookmakers to another, when the bill for dessert alone actually came to £3 per head. It is 'light come, light go' with them, and no wonder that the betting-ring is full of defaulters. There are walking about the streets now with no shoes to their feet men who only a few years ago were worth very little short of £100,000, and in one instance, a metropolitan workhouse has given shelter to a man whose name was for a time a household word on the turf. If the betting-ring is in the state that we have

pictured it, what must be the condition of what are called the 'gentlemen,' that is to say, men who buy and rear blood stock and back them, and who, in reality, keep the game going? Lord George Bentinck said that no man could afford to keep race-horses who did not bet. Experience teaches us that nothing could be more untrue. The only men who in any way hold their own are those who are unknown to the betting-ring. Lord Falmouth's connection with racing has not cost him anything, nor is the Marquis of Ailesbury much out of pocket by his dealings with the charmed circle. Mr. Chaplin, on the other hand, who has the credit of having won more money at one swoop than any other man in the history of the turf, has thought it advisable to reduce his stud to a minimum, and the 'rose' jacket that Hermit made famous is now very rarely seen. Sir Frederick Johnstone's 'chocolate and yellow,' is also very nearly lost to us, and we do not suppose that we shall see much more of the Bathany 'green,' a jacket that has been familiar to us for the last thirty years. Of the three stewards of the Jockey Club, one has no horses at all, another is getting rid of his stud as fast as possible, and the Earl of Hardwicke, who is the junior, has merely a few youngsters. It is in fact the exception rather than the rule now-a-days for members of the Jockey Club to own racehorses. It is said that we shall see the Duke of Beaufort again: but looking at the way that he sticks to the 'box,' this is doubtful. Match-making seems to have lost its attractions for Admiral Rous; and Sir John Astley is not likely to forget what Hopbloom and Brigg Boy failed to do for him last autumn. We have seen very little of the 'Bentinck colours' that Lord Calthorpe assumed, since Knight of the Garter, though his lordship is generally supposed to have some interest in the horses run in the name of Captain Machell. The veteran Mr. Bowes lingers on, but he is unknown to sight even to his own jockeys. The Marquis of Anglesey burnt out his candle whilst still Lord Uxbridge; and Lord Aylesford was but an apparition. There are upwards of a score of members of the Jockey Club who may be said to be in no way connected with the Turf, and who to modern race-goers are not known. In this number we do not count the half-score Royal personages, who are honorary members of the Club, or otherwise.

ANOTHER contemporary says:—"Now that the critics have had 'a say' about the 'Frayne combination,' at the Olympic, it may not be out of place to ask 'What's the matter?' As a rule, this 'combination' has received nothing but adverse criticism, and, from my point of view, adversely to common sense. You see, the critics take too local a view of matters. Had they been 'wanderers' or 'travellers' they would have known that the Fraynes do nothing more than 'hold the mirror up to nature.' True, it is not English 'nature,' but as it is North American and South American nature, I don't see why that mirror should not be held up as well as any other, especially when we are told that 'the purpose of playing' is to show 'the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' Anyone who has travelled in Mexico, and in some of the South American republics, will readily recognise the type of bravo, brigand, and trapper represented at the Olympic, and do justice to their faithful semblance. For my part, I would advise all South American bondholders to go and see the performance, if only to become acquainted with the type of men who set up rebellions, slaughter presidents, and defraud them of their interest. Then, as to the shooting, where is the difference between that and a performance, popular some years ago, showing how the Chinese are impaled with knives? If the critics would only be as true to nature as the actors are it would be better for all parties."

MR. W. CAVE THOMAS, the well-known artist, has addressed a letter to the *Builder*, calling attention to a proposed National Olympian Festival, which he says is to be instituted for the purpose of centralising the various associations having for their objects the encouragement of intellectual and of athletic contests, as, for instance, the Eistedvods of Wales, and the athletic associations throughout the kingdom, in order that, by the establishment of such a festival, both the intellectual and physical contest may be brought into the same arena, and that the public may be impressed with the important truth that the *mens sana in corpore sano* consists in the development and maintenance of a due proportion or balance between mind and body. This festival would be founded on the same principle, and with the same objects, as the Olympic Games. Prizes will be offered for essays, poems, musical compositions, choral singing, &c., and for success in the various kind of athletic games. But the highest prize will be awarded to him who shall exhibit the largest general power. It is further proposed that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham shall be the place where the Annual Olympian Festival shall be held, not only on account of the extent of the palace grounds, but that the festival shall be identified with the palace, and be made to contribute to its financial success and preservation.

THE *Builder* of last week has the following remarks concerning Drury Lane Theatre:—"The discreditable scene in front of the pay-place of the upper-boxes, or what is called the balcony, at Drury Lane Theatre, to which we have before now referred, was repeated on Tuesday, and ought to insure the condemnation of any management which permitted its recurrence. Without the slightest pretence of a barrier, a crowd of persons are allowed to fight and struggle, first to get to the pay-place, and then to get away from it. To make the matter worse, the patient people who have waited under the portico for the opening of what would seem to be the only door, find, when admitted, that a second stream is entering from an opening in the lobby of the Russell-street pit-door, which cuts them off from the pay-place. Watches are lost and dresses torn, and many give up the task as hopeless, and go away. If this were an unexpected occurrence, the omission of proper means to remedy it might be pardoned; but, occurring, as it does, year after year, it is inexcusable and scandalous."

THE *Chicago Times* says of Miss Neilson as Viola in *Twelfth Night*:—"The dozens of little breaches of judgment, interpolations, cuttings, and alterations she has seen fit to practise in the play may be passed without notice. Nearly all actors privilege themselves to do similar outrageous things. It is enough to say that Miss Neilson cannot play the part as it should be played, for the very good reason that its poetry and grace find no response in her. She does not understand it, apparently, because she is so constituted that she cannot."

CECILIA ASHE, writing on the subject of Dibdin's Memorial, to the Editor of the *Standard*, says:—"I have been given to understand that the memorial to my grandfather, Mr. Dibdin, raised by public subscription, and placed in the library of Greenwich Hospital, has been removed. Perhaps some of your readers will kindly inform me where, as it is a most interesting matter to me, for I perfectly well remember his widow, Mrs. Dibdin, lending a painting of him (now in my possession) to Mr. Senior, the sculptor, from which the bust was taken."

SPEAKING of the late Mr. Dyott, an old friend of ours, Mr. William Myers, one of the oldest actors we have, says:—"I can fully endorse the encomiums conveyed in the American notice to my friend the late John Dyott, a worthy fellow. Some six-and-thirty years ago we met frequently at Sheffield. Afterwards, for the last time, we met at Exeter, when he had married Manager Watson's daughter, who preceded her theatrical destinies of Birmingham, Warwick, Brecon, Cheltenham, &c. A singular circumstance occurred during our stay at Exeter. Charles Kean

was the star. Dyott was the Richmond to his Richard. The star travelled with a large Newfoundland dog. To give more effect to distant drum and trumpet the musicians were ordered into Mr. Kean's dressing-room. On leaving they forgot to close the door, and so, during the last scene, hearing his master's voice, the dog rushed upon the stage, and Dyott had not only to encounter Richard but the dog. To complete the picture the valet, in livery, rushed upon the stage, and chased the dog until he dragged him off by the collar; and Kean went down unable to speak the dying speech from laughing. This was in 1839." Here, however, is another dog story of more recent date:—"Dogs 'behind the scenes' should however never be admitted. An amusing scene took place recently in the Vienna Stadt Theatre. Some of the actors possess dogs which are in constant attendance on them. The animals are generally put together in the wardrobe while their masters are acting on the stage. In the intervals between the acts they are released for a short time. On the occasion in question, 'Lear' being the play which was being performed, a large dog called 'Mops,' belonging to Herr Bukovics managed to escape just when the exciting scene where Edmund lies mortally wounded on the ground was on. 'Mops' rushed precipitately down the flight of steps to the stage. The manager tried to call the dog back by every means he could think of, in vain. The audience welcomed the new actor with a lively titter. The dead Edmund (M. Greve) to conceal his laughter pulled the visor over his face, and the dog sniffed all over him. Edgar tried to drive the animal away by threatening him with his sword, and just then King Lear rushed in shouting: 'Heult! heult! heult! O Menschen! seid ihr von Stein.' The dog, which apparently understood the 'Heult, heult, heult,' obeyed the command dutifully, and began to bark with all his might, whereupon on the stage and off the stage a roar of laughter destroyed every scrap of remaining gravity, and tragic effect was no longer to be hoped for."

"BENEFITS," we use the word in its theatrical sense, (says *Yorick*) are, for the most, an unmixed evil. Because, in the generality of cases, they fall to the lot of the least deserving, and the least needy individuals. The system is carried out on the old historic plan of giving to him that hath. And of late years it has become a regular and reckoned upon source of income to certain people connected with the theatrical profession, actors included. The reason why the really impecunious, though possibly most deserving, histrion cannot usually attain unto a benefit is that it requires a certain amount of capital to "work it" before hand. Therefore it is, managers, already rolling in wealth; old actors, who have for years been in the receipt of princely incomes, which they have punctually disbursed without reservation; young actors; of the would be man-of-fashion school, to whom an occasional hundred or so does not come amiss, and will furnish the cost of a champagne luncheon; acting-managers, who for judicious free admissions the year round expect some recompense; box-keepers and bill posters, are the sort of people who usually take benefits at theatres, by what claim, or upon what principle of justice, no man knows.

THE skin of an immense polar bear has been received by a gentleman in Norwich, Conn., U.S.A., from a friend on the barque Isabella, on Cumberland Inlet, with an account of its exciting capture, which is as follows:—"A party of men from the Isabella, including a number of Esquimaux and myself, were walking on the ice a short distance from the ship, when, rounding a hummock, we unexpectedly discovered, at a short distance from us, a large bear quietly feeding. We would have returned to the ship without disturbing it, as we were armed with only one rifle and a few spears carried by the natives, had not one of the several dogs that were with us announced our presence with a loud bark. The bear, as soon as it saw the intruders, began to advance slowly towards us, but was met by the dogs, who attacked the animal vigorously, but with little effect. He shook them off, and, after injuring three of them so badly that they had to be killed, he continued to advance. We discharged the rifle and then fled to the ship, where we armed ourselves, and came out to look after his bearship, who had disappeared behind one of the numerous hummocks by which we were surrounded. We had searched for some time, when, as one of the Esquimaux passed the corner of a hummock, he came face to face with the infuriated animal. He gave a fearful cry as the brute struck him with one of his immense paws. The rest of us heard the cry, and rapidly surrounded the brute, which stood perfectly still over the body of the Esquimaux. We fired sixteen shots, twelve of which entered its body before it received its death wound. The native was insensible when we picked him up, and badly torn about the shoulder by the bear's claws, but was not seriously hurt. We took the body of the bear on a sledge to the ship; it weighed 1,575 pounds, and was ten feet one inch from nose to tail, and eight feet and four inches around the thickest part of the body."

THE grouse rental of Scotland was estimated some thirty years ago as being of the value of £70,000 per annum, but, if that sum was anything like correct at the period indicated, it would prove immensely under the mark at the present time, when the shooting and fishery rental of the county of Perth alone exceeds that amount by £10,000, not including the commercial fisheries of the River Tay. Perthshire contains about 400 shootings, varying in their rents, as assessed for the purposes of taxation, from £20 to £1,700 for the season. The shooting rental of Inverness-shire also amounts to a large sum, 23 of the shootings in that county being let for £27,466; and it would not be an exaggerated estimate if we computed the shooting and fishing rental of Inverness-shire at over £50,000. There are also numerous valuable shootings in Aberdeenshire and Argyllshire; the Earl of Dudley holds one in the latter county which is assessed on a rental of £4,520 a year, while Her Majesty the Queen pays for the shooting of Ballochbinc Forest, in Aberdeenshire, a sum of £1,500 annually, the rental of Glentanner and Inchmarnock being, according to "Lyle's Sportsman's Guide," £1,838. Three of the Forfarshire shootings are represented by £6,000, and a similar sum covers the rental of five of the shootings of Ross-shire, but it must be understood that some of the large rents include deer forests as well as grouse ground. The game rental of Sutherlandshire, the county which gave rise to the great "men, sheep, and deer" controversy, is set down as being close on £13,000. Altogether the shootings and fishings of Scotland let for purposes of sport may be set down as drawing a rental of £300,000. We have not before us the materials for forming an estimate of the value of the English grouse grounds, but many of the northern counties abound with these birds, and in Northumberland, Cumberland, the county of Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire good grouse shooting is to be had; but it has been calculated that not more than one-third of the national grouse supply is obtained from English moors.

WHAT is a bull trout? is a question which the Commissioners of Tweed Fisheries have done their best to answer. No one, of course, except the most arrant Cockney, will suppose that he is so called because he is the male of his species; but many people are anxious to know whether he is a variety by himself, whether he springs from a "smelt," and whether he develops into something else. The old Border rhyme appears to take this latter view, saying, "Tarras for the good bull trout, if he be taen in time," implying that if not punctually captured he will cease to be a good bull trout. The experiments of the Commissioners go to show that he has an earlier state as an "orange-fin," or "smelt," that

he next becomes a "black-tail,"—the names sound like those of political parties—and then he may become a whiting, or he may not, so far as has been ascertained. The difficulty is that the orange-fin cannot be traced after he gets to the sea, and so an artificial ocean has been made to accommodate him. Water from Carham Burn was made to pass into a pond over the rock salt, chloride of magnesium, chloride of potassium, and bromide of magnesium, and in this water the black-tails were placed. It seems to follow that if we really want "a sea-water bath in our own rooms," we must make the same elaborate mixture, and this may decide some persons to prefer the briny billows. Meantime, no one has yet made the status of the "grilse" quite intelligible, and it can only be said that, if he is not a young salmon, he is a very admirable imitation.

ON the night of the Arlesey railway accident there were six Indian Elephants on their way by train from Huddersfield to London. Two were large, and the others quite young. The tarpaulin over the trucks in which they travelled was blown away in the gale, and the animals were thus exposed to the snow and sleet and cold wind of that night. They were also delayed long on the road in consequence of the accident. One of our contributors, who saw them "unloaded" at King's-cross, and noticed that they walked very stiffly at first, has inquired of Mr. Harrington, their keeper, whether the cold journey has affected them. He has written in reply that they seem perfectly well, and he cannot see that the unusual exposure has had any effect on them. None of the animals have been more than a few years in England. As Mr. Harrington's letter was written nine days after the journey, no effects of chill are now likely to show themselves. The Indian (and perhaps the African) Elephant may be better able to withstand sudden climatical changes than is generally supposed.

THE 103 lawful days allotted by Act of Parliament to the killing of grouse and black game expired some time ago, and we may place on record that the birds have been alike plentiful and healthy. Very large bags were made in the first days of shooting, and the quantities forwarded to the London markets were for a short period so great that they became glutted, and thus grouse for a few days could be obtained at almost nominal prices. From "the twelfth" to the end of September such sport was chronicled as had not occurred on the moors since the plentiful grouse year of 1872. The supply of birds would, doubtless, have continued abnormally large throughout the season had not bad weather hindered the shooting. It is, however, quite certain that the season just closed has, despite the weather, been rather above an average as to quantity, and fully up to the mark in quality. Perthshire, which contains an area of 1,814,063 acres, and may be called the representative grouse ground of Scotland, was this year as populous with birds as in any preceding season, although, in consequence it is thought, of the depression of trade, one or two good shootings remained unlet. All over the Scottish

heather, whether north or south of the Tay, plethoric bags have been the order of the day, the total "kill" of grouse being enormous. The chief successes have, as usual, been obtained by "driving," a way of sport which is still unpalatable to that old school of sportsmen who do not think shooting is really shooting unless they walk twenty miles a day in search of their birds. "Driving" is not, however, the modern innovation which it is sometimes characterised as being; it has been practised for at least thirty-five years, if not longer. On the moors of the North of England "driving" had become common so far back as the year 1845, but it is only fair to state that the practice was not at that time resorted to till the season was well advanced, and the birds had become wild and strong on the wing.

A PATHETIC story has been published with regard to the manner in which Wachtel, the great tenor, first became known and famous. He was originally a poor cab-driver at Dresden, and one wintry night, as he was singing to himself upon his box, the audience of the Grand Opera began to disperse. The entranced multitude gathered round the unconscious caddy, who finished his solo amid a storm of applause, and the very next day a large purse was subscribed to send him to the Conservatory at Paris. Mr. Schengler, who lives in San Francisco, according to the *News Letter*, was much affected by the story, and, as he, too, had a voice, he determined to be sent to Paris at once. So, last Tuesday evening, he waited until the California Theatre began to let out, and, mounting the box of a hack in the front of it, he lifted up his voice, and sang. The tumultuous crowd was instantly hushed, and stopped transfixed, as, with closed eyes, the absorbed singer sat, his whole inspired soul floating out in glad, triumphal notes. The selection chosen by Mr. Schengler was, "Tommy, make room for your uncle," one of the best of its kind; but, we regret to say that, at the end of the third verse, a brickbat struck Mr. Schengler immediately behind the right ear, knocking him over the dashboard, following which, he was walked over, and his neck stepped upon by the thoughtless throng. Mr. Schengler is convinced there is a fraud about this Wachtel story somewhere.

JOTTINGS.

AN inquiry was held last week by Mr. Bedford, at the Charing-cross Hospital, respecting the death of Frederick Thomas, who was killed on Saturday night week at the Alhambra Theatre. During the progress of the opera, deceased, owing to a delay, fetched a shot to attach to the lines made for the scenery that they might be easily lowered for use on the next occasion. By some mistake he took the wrong one, which had only a cord tied through a hole in it, instead of a spliced cord. When it was raised about 16 feet the knot came untied, and the shot, which

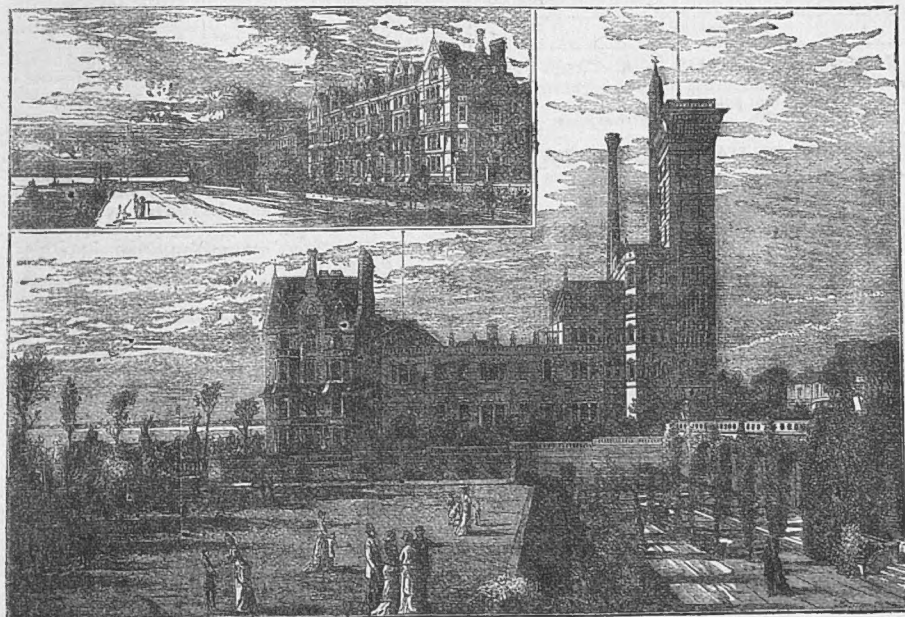
weighed about 26lb., fell upon the head of the deceased. He had been employed at the theatre for some years, and was well acquainted with the work. No evidence could be obtained as to how the mistake was made, and the jury returned the following verdict:—"That deceased, Frederick Thomas, met his death by a fracture of the skull, caused by the falling of a weight improperly secured; and they were further of opinion that there was great want of supervision on the part of the stage management."

THE International Gun and Polo Club have resolved to revive hawking and other ancient sports, as an addition to their present pastimes of polo, tent-pegging, tilting the ring, &c. A tournament is to be held during the approaching summer on a scale quite equal, it is stated, to that which took place at Eglinton Castle some 35 years ago. It will be under the auspices of some of the leading Scotch and Irish families, and the falconry is to be supported by noblemen and gentlemen who wish to see the revival of these healthy and pleasing pastimes. There are already upwards of 330 members of the International Gun and Polo Club to carry out the objects in view, the list having been increased 30 during the past year. The Duke of Hamilton is president; the Earl of Aylesford, Sir William Milner, Bart., Mr. V. F. Bennett-Stanford, M.P., vice-presidents; and the following are the stewards:—Le Prince Héréditaire de Fürstenberg, Lord Dorchester, Colonel M'Clintock Cotton, Le Prince A. de Chimay, Marquis Caumont de la Force, Marquis de Castelbajac, Earl de Grey, M.P., Viscount St. Vincent, Le Comte de Galve, Le Comte Edmund de Lambertye, Colonel Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., M.P., Captain G. V. Macdonald, Captain Henry Bethune Patton, Captain E. C. Neville, Mr. J. Jee, V.C., C.B., Mr. Aubrey Coventry, Colonel Nugent, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. Berkeley Lucy, Lieutenant-Colonel Peyton, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., M. R. Hennessy, Le Prince Louis Esterhazy, Sir William Call, Bart., Baron J. Merck, Le Comte Z. Kinsky, Mr. H. F. Beaumont, Mr. Moreton Frewen, Mr. W. Ralph Bankes, and M. de Dorlodot. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather on Monday, the members of this Club assembled numerous at the picturesque ground situated at Preston, near Brighton. A lengthy programme of sport was most satisfactorily got through, and the principal winners of the £1 handicap sweepstakes were Mr. Seaton, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Charlton Adams, Mr. Croxton Johnson, Mr. G. H. Beard, Mr. Denne, Mr. Vaughan, and Captain Sydney. An optional sweepstakes at five birds terminated in favour of Mr. Seaton, who was alone in killing all.

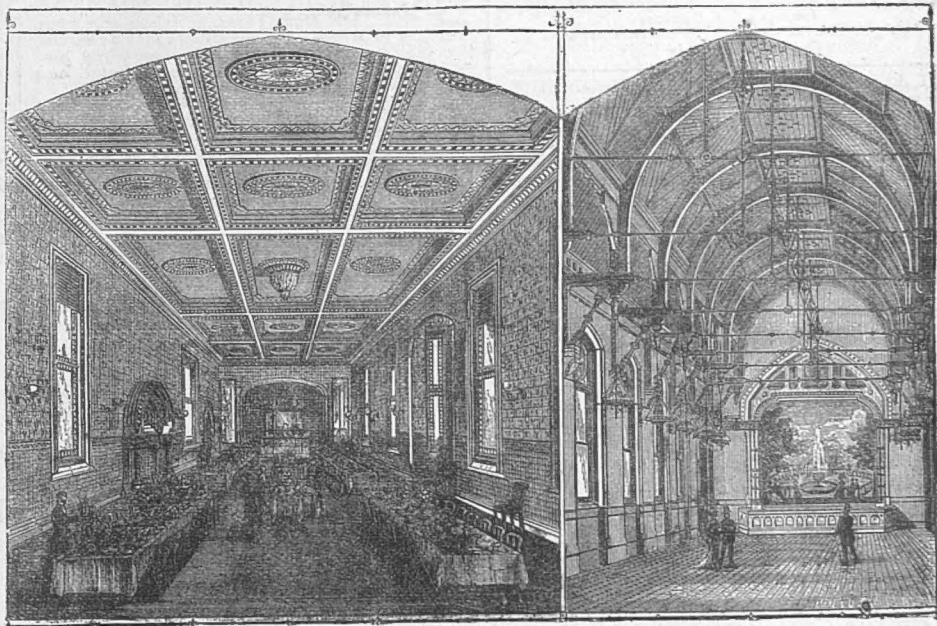
THE committee of the Izaak Walton Memorial for Stafford, including the Earl of Shrewsbury, T. Salt, Esq., M.P., J. D. Mort, Esq., J. Shallcross, Esq. (the mayor), and the Rev. Denham Norman (rector of St. Mary's) have entrusted Mr. Richard Belt with the commission to execute the monument of Walton, the father of anglers, and who was also a benefactor of the town.

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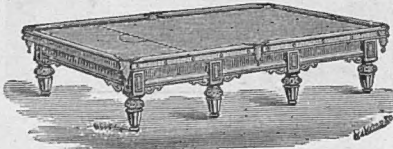
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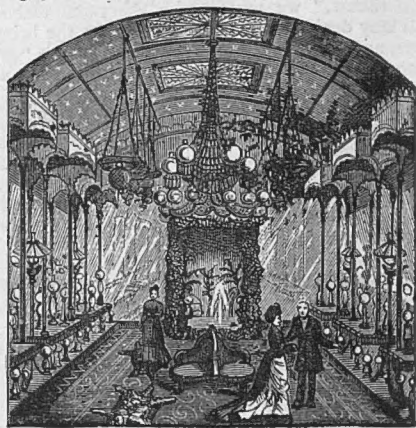
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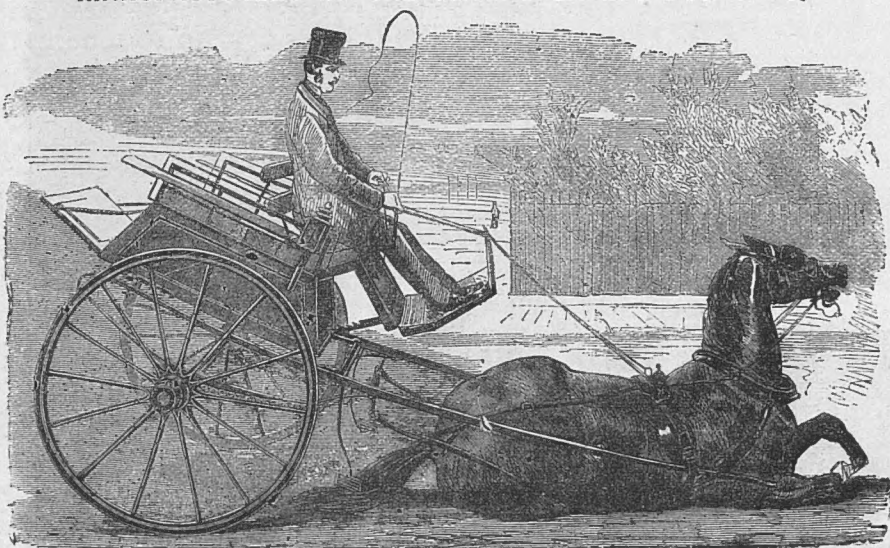
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THE ABOVE TREATISE FORMS THE MOST COMPLETE AND MOST RELIABLE MANUAL OF
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Extract of a letter from the Ven. Blythe Hurst, Vicar of Collierly, than whom there is no clergyman better known or more respected in the diocese of Durham, on account of his urbanity, and eminence as a scholar:—"I have carefully read over your treatise, and from sad experience endorse every word of it. For some time previous my stomach retained very little food. I was really starving in the midst of plenty. Your discovery has saved my life. I can now digest my food with ease. I owe you a debt of gratitude I shall never be able to discharge."

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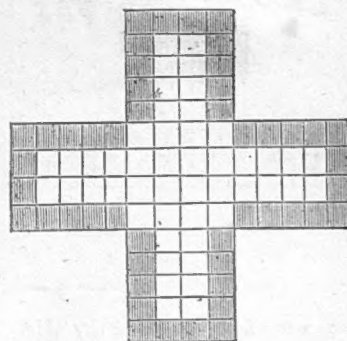
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The best remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT and INDIGESTION; and the safest mild aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, children, and infants.
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THE NEW GAME OF



ANNEXATION

TWO PLAYERS. The best Game ever introduced.

"The inventor of Annexation may be congratulated on having provided a capital new game for the winter evenings."—*See Land and Water*, Dec. 2, 1876.
Prices, 10s. 6d., 21s., 31s. Sent free on receipt of P.O.O.,
ASSER and SHERWIN, 80 and 81, Strand, W.C.

NOW ON VIEW.



WARD & CO.,

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REAL ICE SKATING.

On the 9th inst., the Mayor of Manchester (Abel Heywood, Esq.) formally opened to the public, at Rusholme, Manchester, a new building which, during the past six months, has been fitted up with all the appliances for the formation of a solid layer of ice (about 5,000 square feet) on the now well-known system introduced by Professor John Gamgee. As the Mayor stood in front of the absolutely level and glassy surface, for the opening ceremony, he obviously shared with all present a positive sense of amazement at the scientific result in providing the means for one of the most enjoyable and invigorating of recreations.

A brief visit to the machine-room, where a maze of pipes thickly frosted over added to the startling nature of the novelty, was sufficient to indicate that the glycerine and water in the pipes under the ice was being lowered in temperature by continuous evaporation of M. Raoul Pictet's anhydrous sulphurous acid. Two engines drove two compressors, and these drawing the acid vapours from the refrigerators of the machines, forced them to be again liquefied in condensers kept cool by a constant current of water. One man had charge of the machine, and another of the boiler, which, in spite of excessive size, consumes less than twenty shillings worth of coal per day of twenty-four hours. The great economy of the process is its principal recommendation, and it is quite certain that ice rinks of any size may be provided for the "million" on Mr. Gamgee's system.

The Mayor was much impressed, and perceived that cheap cold,

now demonstrated as a fact, was applicable to numerous industrial purposes, and he considered that he was not only lending his countenance to the opening of a place of public amusement, but to the inauguration of a process calculated to benefit mankind in a great variety of ways. The skilful and graceful evolutions of the skaters (more particularly those of M. Raoul Pictet) were then witnessed by a numerous body of visitors, the principal part of whom (nearly 200) adjourned to the Rusholme Public Hall, and partook of a splendid luncheon, supplied by Messrs. Jennison, of Belle Vue Zoological Gardens, Professor Gamgee in the chair. The toast of the day, "Success to the Rusholme Real Ice Skating Rink," was responded to by Mr. Gamgee, who pointed out that, in 1868, he first proposed the use of currents of cold air for the preservation of meat, and since then had worked incessantly at the subject. The Americans adopted his system with imperfect appliances, but now the demonstration before them, indicating what perfect control he had over the temperature of stores, or chambers, of any size, for the preservation of perishable provisions, the American meat market would thus be regulated, and the price of meat reduced.

He (the Chairman) quoted the words of the Poet Laureate. " . . . in this our windy world what's up is *faith*, what's down is *heresy*," and declared that no one could doubt the wisdom of stemming the torrent of cattle plague from east to west by encouraging the healthy trade from west to east. The United States has 29,000,000 head of cattle fed on the finest land in the world, healthy, sound, and now transportable. To regulate that

traffic was our duty, and cold was the sovereign antiseptic for animal food. The luncheon over, skating was resumed, when a crowd of skaters glided over the magnificent sheet of ice, and a most successful day, graced as it was by rare sunshine, completed a brilliant inauguration.

We may remind our readers that Professor Gamgee's first glaciarium (430 square feet) was first tried with skates on January 7, 1876, when we had the pleasure of personally testing its capabilities. Mr. Gamgee afterwards made his celebrated Chelsea Glaciarium of 1,000 square feet, on the surface of which we have repeatedly, during the hottest days of the past summer, enjoyed ice skating in perfection. On December 21 last, the floating glaciarium at Charing-cross was opened to the public, and which presents an admirable skating surface of nearly 3,000 square feet. Thus, the Manchester real ice rink (one-third larger than the floating glaciarium) is the fourth and largest ice rink in existence.

Mr. W. H. Beck, of Cannon-street, has acted as consulting engineer, and Messrs. Emerson, Murgatroyd, and Co., Engineers, of Stockport and Liverpool (who are the general contractors under Professor Gamgee's various patents, as also those of Messrs. M. Raoul Pictet and Co., of Geneva), have executed much of the work. The admirable tubes of wrought iron on the floor of the rink have been made by the Metal Tube Company, Euston-road, London, and are the same kind as those used by Messrs. Emerson, Murgatroyd, and Co., at the floating glaciarium, Charing-cross. It is only fair to state that the idea of a real ice skating rink at



"MEANT FOR ME."

Rusholme was first conceived by Mr. Thos. Snook, the managing director, and he has been most indefatigable in carrying it out to a most successful issue. The arrangements are in every way perfect, and the comfort of visitors and skaters has been by him studied to the utmost.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, on Saturday last, hunted with the West Norfolk hounds. This was a "bye day" fixture, and the place of rendezvous was Gayton Hall, the seat of the Earl of Romney, about eight or ten miles from Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses and suite drove over from Sandringham, and shortly after their arrival re-appeared mounted, when Mr. Anthony Hamond at once gave directions to the huntsman to commence operations. There was an abundance of foxes, and a very excellent day's sport was obtained.

At Kimbolton, on Tuesday, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other guests, were favoured with a very pleasant hunting-day. Soon after nine o'clock, vehicles began to arrive at Pertenhale cross-roads from all parts of Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire. Vehicles of all descriptions were filled with ladies and gentlemen, and a large number of sportsmen and some ladies were mounted. The trysting-place was a meadow at the foot of the hill near the cross-roads, and here Mr. Arkwright, the master of the hunt, and his gallant pack of hounds met, as did nearly

all the mounted field. At about half-past eleven the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Earl of Hardwicke, the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Gosford, Count Redern, Lord Charles Montagu, Captain the Hon. Oliver Montagu, Lord Douglas Gordon, the Duchess of Manchester, &c., arrived at the top end of the park. The Princess of Wales and two other ladies followed in a carriage with the Duke of Manchester. Just after the meet, and as the hounds were being put into the first cover, a sad accident occurred. The press of vehicles was so great that the shafts of a dog-cart, driven by some one whose name did not transpire, ran into a dog-cart immediately preceding it, and crushed the leg of a young lady, Miss Delacombe, the daughter of the chief constable of Derby, who was riding with her aunt. Mrs. James Howard kindly conveyed the young lady in her carriage to Bedford. The hounds ran first into a wood on the Tilbrook side of the park without finding. They then went to Pottersley Park, and, on reaching the woods above the duke's farm premises, a lot of foxes were started, the hounds getting on the line of one, and running it to Swineshead. The Prince and Princess, and most of the guests, returned to the castle in time for luncheon. The day's sport was not a long one, but there was an abundance of the material for good hunting, plenty of foxes, capital scent, a bright clear sky overhead, and a good field of sportsmen. The land was very heavy, and the horses had to carry weight in the shape of ballast. The Prince rode his old favourite hunter Paddy. It is expected that during the royal visit, the Prince of Wales will inspect the Kimbolton herd of shorthorn cattle, which the duke is

forming at an enormous expense. One of the most recent additions is a calf that was purchased of the Earl of Bective for 3,000 guineas, when only six months old. Wednesday and Friday will be devoted to hunting with the Fitzwilliam and Cambridgeshire hounds. The ball on Thursday night promised to be a brilliant affair, several hundred invitations having been sent out.

MR. W. B. DAVENPORT, M. P., was out shooting with a party on Wednesday week on his estate at Capesthorpe, near Congleton, Cheshire, when his son accidentally shot one of the keepers, named Daniels, injuring him seriously.

THE little French town of Bernay was rather startled recently by the sudden eruption of a herd of wild boars, which rushed down the Rue Lisieux. In the first moment of terror the inhabitants retired to their houses and closed the doors, but the male population, soon recovering from their alarm, proceeded to do battle with the invaders, twelve in number. Attacked with firearms, the wild boars seem to have completely lost their heads, and six of them fell without having inflicted any loss on the enemy. One was killed while attempting to swim across the river, and two took refuge in a stable, where they were made prisoners. A fine old boar effected his retreat with dignity, and reached the forest of Alençon in safety. While these events were passing in the town another herd of wild boars, issuing from the forest of Frocourt, made its way to the woods of Meuneval and St. Leger.